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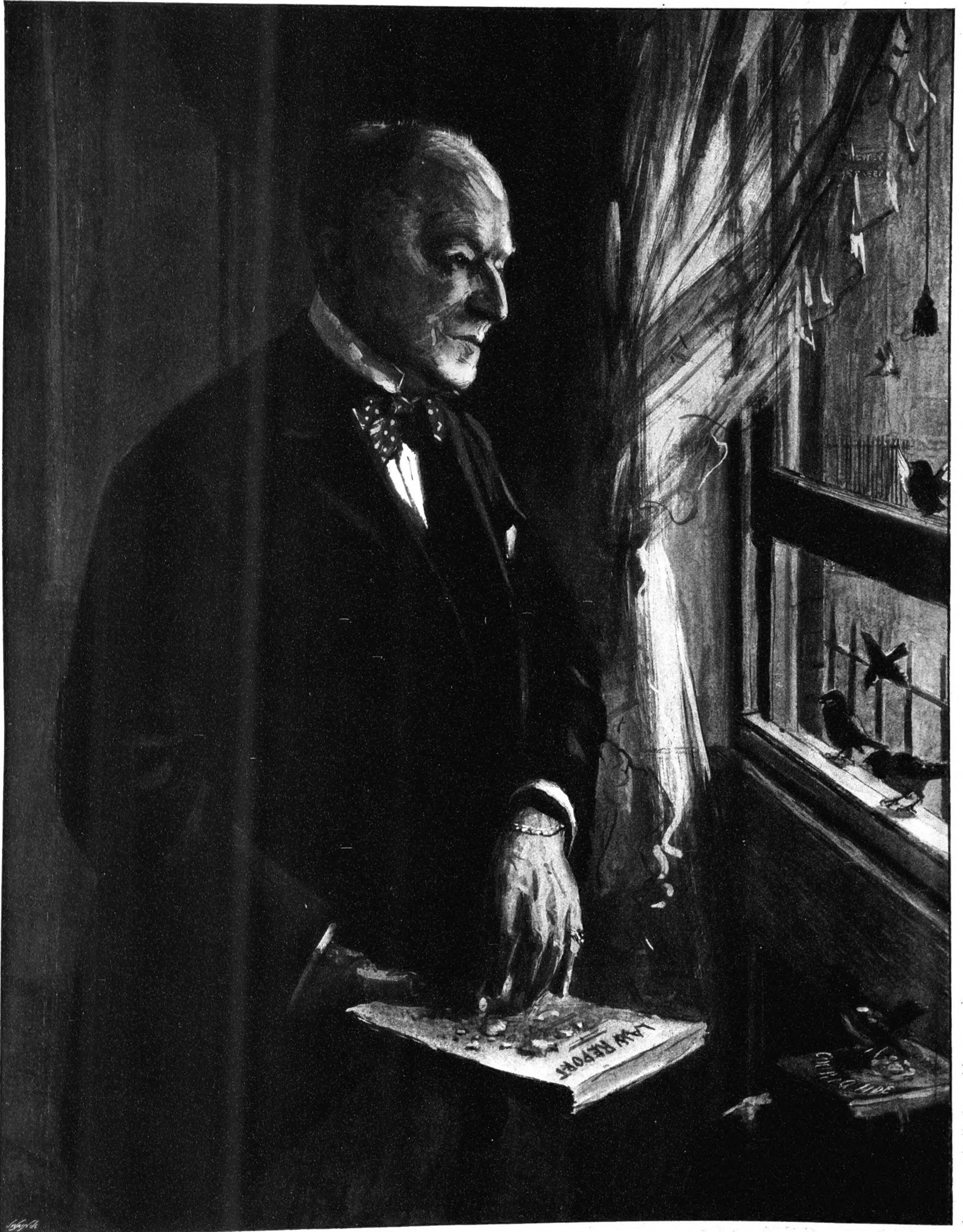
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899

WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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A NEW PEER AT HOME: SIR HENRY HAWKINS AND HIS POOR CLIENTS.

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL AT A SPECIAL SITTING GRANTED TO "THE GRAPHIC"

Topics of the Week

THE REAL FRANCE

AFTER the remarkable debate which took place in the French Chamber last Monday, it is possible to contemplate Anglo-French relations with a very great deal of sanguineness. That debate was obviously dominated by a very strong desire for a friendly *rapprochement* with this country. Every speaker led up to this conclusion and urged it upon his hearers with as much emphasis as the circumstance could permit, and from no corner of the crowded house came any other manifestation of feeling than loud and genuine applause. We may attach the more importance to this demonstration since it is evidently the mature fruit of long reflection. Weeks have passed since the unhappy Fashoda incident, and the French people have had the opportunity of thinking it well over. The conclusions at which they have arrived are eminently creditable to their common sense. They see that they have for years been following an unwise policy—"there have been faults on both sides" is the way in which M. d'Estournelles put it—that the expedition to Fashoda was a blunder, and that they were fortunate in getting out of it without a war which would have been a "calamity to humanity." M. Delcassé, who told the story of his diplomatic dilemma, and of his escape from it with a simple and manly earnestness which redounds very much to his honour, received an ovation when he left the Tribune which could not have been more enthusiastic had he planted the French flag on Khartoum instead of having ordered its withdrawal from Fashoda. The whole Chamber realised the peril the country had been spared, and was obviously thankful that it possessed a Minister with sufficient courage and patriotism to take an unheroic line, and sufficient skill to follow it without compromising the national honour. More remarkable still was the emphasis with which all the speakers expressed a desire for a complete change of attitude towards this country—for a frank and loyal understanding which would ender further Fashodas impossible. It is true that M. Ribot laboured to show that France had always been in the right, but his arguments were scarcely in harmony with his tone, which was as strongly in favour of an understanding as that of all the other speakers. The debate, in short, bears out the view of the Duke of Devonshire, that Fashoda has cleared the air, and that so far from having increased the sum of foreign hostility towards us it has paved the way for a reconciliation with our nearest neighbour and our latest foe. In England there can only be one response to the overtures implied in these speeches. To say that we are ready to kiss and be friends would be to give an inaccurate impression of our feelings during the last few months. As a matter of fact, we have been scarcely conscious of a quarrel with France *quâ* France. There has never been the slightest indication of ill-will towards her on our part. Frenchmen living in England have, indeed, marvelled at the absence of personal working towards themselves and of direct demonstrations against their country. To us the occupants of Fashoda were a symbolic X, and rightly or wrongly we were convinced that this X had no right there, and that it must be compelled to clear out. That conviction owed absolutely nothing to passion. When Fashoda was evacuated there was no note of triumph in this country, but rather the reverse. Englishmen generally regretted that an assertion of their rights which they could not forego should involve them in strained relations with a country to which they were much attached and with which they desired to live in the closest bonds. Under these circumstances the present temper of the French people can only give pleasure in this country. When we remember how sensitive Frenchmen are on questions of *amour propre*, we cannot but regard their present attitude as a proof that in both countries there are abiding forces making for friendship and union. It must be the care of our statesmen to cultivate these forces. In any natural classification of peoples, England and France, with their geographical proximity, their close intercourse, their community of great commercial interests, and their common devotion to the idea of popular liberty, should go hand in hand. If they do not, it can only be because mischief-makers are at work. M. Ribot, the other day, did Lord Salisbury no more than justice when he expressed the opinion that he was as much in favour of a permanent accord between England

and France as were Thiers, Gambetta and Gladstone. We believe that in the negotiations for a settlement of all pending differences between the two countries which have now been initiated Lord Salisbury will fully justify this view of his sympathies. We trust that he will be met by M. Delcassé in a like spirit.

The division of the Soudan into Governorships is the first step towards the creation of efficient administration. To some extent the Indian model has been copied. Lord Kitchener, as both Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, will exercise much the same sort of supreme control that the Queen-Empress's representative does in Hindostan. Under Lord Kitchener are four first-class Governorships and three second-class, corresponding with the Lieutenant-Governorships of the great Indian provinces. Each district will be self-contained and self-dependent for administrative purposes, subject to the higher authority of the Governor-General. It is, probably, as workable a system as could be quickly brought into practical operation. We have taken over the enormous country in an absolutely chaotic condition; there is not even the framework of society left. What there was before Mahdism arose has been rooted up and destroyed; trade, commerce, and agriculture are dead, and it will take long time, hard toil, and infinite patience to bring them back to life. Happily this Titanic labour of humanity is entrusted to thoroughly capable hands; the selection of General Hunter, Colonel Lewis, and Colonel Jackson, as Governors respectively of the Omdurman, Sennaar and Fashoda districts, could not be improved upon.

The Queen at Osborne

THE QUEEN will remain at Osborne rather more than a fortnight longer, not returning to Windsor before February 16. Then will follow three very busy weeks before Her Majesty starts for Cimiez, as there is always much State business to be cleared off previous to the Royal holiday. A visit to town is also in the programme, the Queen intending to spend three days at Buckingham Palace to hold the first Drawing Room of the season on February 24. Of course Her Majesty is not likely to personally receive more than the Diplomatic Corps and a few favoured individuals having the *entree*, but the announcement of her presence always crowds a Drawing Room to its utmost limits.

After the gaieties of last week Osborne has relapsed into quiet once more. Sad memories, too, have absorbed the Royal party, for the anniversary of Prince Henry of Battenberg's death was kept with the usual Service in the chapel at Whippingham Church, where his remains now rest. This year Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg were with the Queen and Princess Beatrice for the Service, which consisted of prayers, Scripture lessons, and hymns. Her Majesty and the Princess put some lovely flowers on the Prince's tomb—a crown of lilies of the valley and ivy leaves on the handle of his sword, and a wreath of bay leaves, arums, azaleas, and scarlet tulips. Princess Christian and her daughter left next day, when Prince Alexander of Battenberg also went back to school at Lyndhurst, while Prince Louis of Battenberg has rejoined his ship, the *Majestic*. In their stead came Count Albert Mensdorff and the Bishop of Winchester, the latter preaching before the Royal party in the private chapel on Sunday. In the evening the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Curzon-Howe and Admiral Rawson dined with Her Majesty, while on Monday Mr. Balfour was Her Majesty's guest. Next Thursday the Queen holds a Council to finally sanction the Royal Speech for the opening of Parliament.

The new yacht being built for the Queen to replace the *Victoria and Albert* may possibly be ready for launching in April, and for sea by the end of the year—so rapid is the progress in the work on the vessel at Pembroke Dockyard. She promises to be a beautiful ship—the first British Royal yacht to be built of steel and to have

screws instead of paddles. Although smaller than the Tsar's splendid *Standart*, she will be one of the biggest Royal yachts afloat, being 420 ft. long, with a beam of 50 ft., a tonnage of 4,600, and three masts and three funnels. Her engines, of 11,000 horse-power, are to be of the same type as those fitted to the new warships *Powerful* and *Terrible*, and her speed is to be 20 knots an hour. As yet her name is not quite decided, the choice lying between the *Enchantress* and the *Balmoral*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining a succession of small house parties at Sandringham. The Infanta Eulalia of Spain and her two sons were the centre of one party, whilst the Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Alfred Milner, was among the gathering from Saturday to Monday. Princess Louise and the Lord Lorne are now staying with the Prince and Princess. The Prince of Wales will be in town again soon, and his first Levée is fixed for February 27.

Sir Henry Hawkins and His Friends

THERE is a strange seeming inconsistency in a man who could pass a death sentence without a tremor of the lips or a momentary softening of the eyes, and yet would spend hours in nursing a sick dog, and would not enjoy a meal unless his pets had first been fed. This contradiction in Sir Henry Hawkins's character is, however, all in the seeming, for his tenderness to animals, which has only been lightly touched on in his many biographies, is the real index to the man who wears under his mask of sternness as tender a heart as ever beat on the Bench. Our artist has depicted Sir Henry at home performing one of his daily and favourite tasks, giving his little feathered clients their breakfast. Of these Sir Henry tells a tale of some years since. During the Tichborne trial he always worked before breakfast at his brief, being too tired overnight. At four o'clock one morning a shadow twice flitted past the window, and at last he was conscious of one of his birds flapping her wings against the pane and demanding why he had forgotten his poorer clients.

Nothing is more characteristic of the man than his daily care for the pigeons which make their home in the cold precincts of the Royal Courts. Every day the "legal fledglings" would flutter round the judge's window and perch on the sill in expectation of their daily treat, until the window was thrown open and Sir Henry appeared with the bag of corn, which he scattered with lavish hands. It was a touching sight to see the grim face of the old judge soften into smiles of pleasure as the pigeons perched on his hands and arms and pecked the corn which his bounty provided. After the judge had left his room at the Law Courts for the last time a half-filled bag of corn remained as a mute and touching witness to the softer side of the "stern judge." If it is decided to erect a monument to his memory within the Law Courts, surely there could be none more fitting than a presentment of "Sir Henry" feeding his pigeons. This was no casual or theatrical evidence of a tender heart. There was scarcely a day when the curious might not have found in the capacious side-pockets of Sir Henry's coat some scraps of bread or a handful of corn intended for stray birds or the ducks and fowls in the parks. Like his friends Sir Henry Irving and Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry had a very soft place in his heart for a dog, preferably for a fox-terrier. In the case of all three men the memory of one dog will be cherished as long as they live.

Sir Henry Irving's happiest hours were spent with his dog "Fussie," to which he was passionately attached, and whose loss left him inconsolable. Mr. Morley is never happy without a pet dog; but there has been no successor to the fox-terrier which was inseparable from him during his weary editorial nights many years ago. Sir Henry Hawkins's fox-terrier "Jack" has become historical from his master's attachment to him.

Wherever Sir Henry went Jack followed with a greater fidelity even than Mary's lamb; he fed with his master, walked and slept with him, and punctuated his summings up in Court with grunts of approval. Even if the master must starve, Jack must be fed; and many a time when Sir Henry found it inconvenient to adjourn for his luncheon at the proper hour he would give the usher instructions to see that Jack had a good meal.

"Present my compliments to Baron Huddleston," he was heard to say on one occasion to the usher, "and ask him to be good enough to let Jack have my chop."

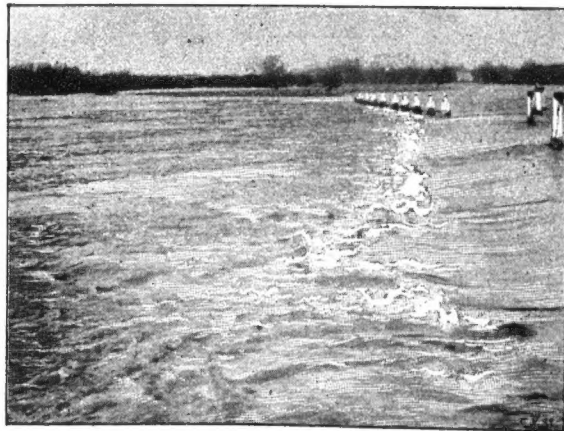
Sir Henry was very proud of Jack's intelligence, and used to vow that he could give points to not a few counsel. On one occasion when a vain counsel, who was addressing the Court, punctuated his speech with more or less faulty Latin, Jack, who was curled up at his master's feet, was heard to growl ominously.

"Intelligent dog, Jack," Sir Henry whispered to his brother Judge; "he recognises —'s quotations, and is answering him in *dog-latin*."

In speaking of Jack, his master would cordially endorse Mr. Morley's eulogium:—

"I know a dog who, for constancy, devotion, courage, affection, and self-forgetfulness, would compare favourably with human beings."

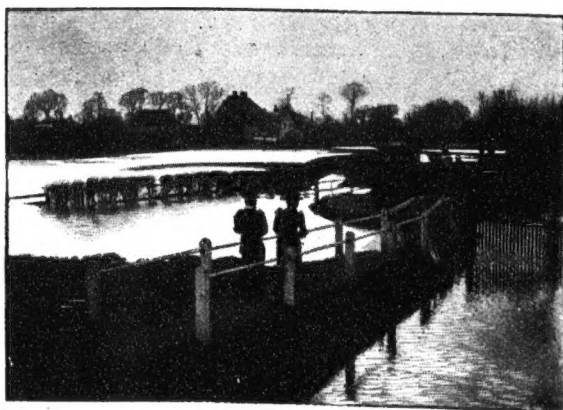
But Jack had no monopoly of his master's tender consideration for animals. Not many years ago Sir Henry was bowling along Piccadilly in a hansom on his way to court when the cab ran over a dog. The poor brute's piercing cries reached the Judge's ears. He promptly stopped the hansom, and went back to where the dog was lying with a broken leg. Sir Henry tenderly took up the animal, re-entered the cab, and drove to the nearest veterinary surgeon, in whose hands the dog was kept, with instructions that he



CHERTSEY WEIR



A SUBMERGED ISLAND AT PENTON HOOK



AT EGHAM



THE ROAD FROM EGHAM TO WINDSOR

The heavy rains of the past week have caused the Thames to overflow, and though the river has fallen somewhat, there is still a quantity of flood water cut, and the stream is running at a good pace. At Egham, Chertsey, Penton Hook, and Windsor, much inconvenience has been caused. Houses have been flooded, the towing-path and some meadows at Penton Hook are under water, and the Windsor road is impassable in places. Our illustrations are from photographs by F. G. Callcott, Teddington

THE FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY

should be treated and well cared for. As a burly collier once said of Sir Henry Hawkins in Newcastle, "They call 'im t'anging Judge, do they? Well, I say, a man 'at loves a dog as 'e does, is a dom'd good sort!" And so say we.

Even in his judicial character Sir Henry has a record of acts of mercy which most judges might envy. On more than one occasion he has been the first to lend a helping hand to men whom he has in his character as Judge sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Two years ago, when travelling the North-Eastern Circuit, a young man was brought before him on a charge of embezzlement. The prisoner had borne an excellent character up to the time of his fall, and it was clear from the evidence that his lapse was due to the impulse of a weak moment. In passing sentence, Sir Henry expressed his belief that the prisoner would make his misfortune the stepping stone to a good and useful life, and asked him to come and see him when his term of imprisonment had expired. The young man took the Judge at his word, and in a year's time called on him with the happiest results. He was enabled to make a fresh start in life, and already his bitter experience is bearing its promised fruit.

Many stories of similar acts of kindness are recorded—notably a case in which two women coiners, who, through persecution and temptation, while on ticket-of-leave, had fallen into the hands of justice a second time, rendering themselves liable to very severe punishment. To their surprise and delight the Judge recognised all the extenuating circumstances, and instead of sending them, as they expected, to long terms of penal servitude, treated them as first offenders, and sentenced them to six months' imprisonment only. Merciless to the hardened criminal, and resolute in his duty in spite of threats and persistent misrepresentation, Sir Henry has always been as merciful to those who deserved mercy as he is tender to his dogs and pigeons. It is said that in his lighter moments Sir Henry has been known to woo the Muses, although he would blush to acknowledge the weakness. Now that his days of sentences are over, and the Neill Creams and Chrimmes of the future will fall into other hands, he may realise the aspirations of the quatrain now going the rounds of the lawyers:—

Lord Hawkins now to verse can turn
And write a ream of rhymes;
In prose a thousand sentences
Have skimmed the *Cr. am* of Chrimmes.

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The WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.10.—EARLY VARIETIES, 10.50 a.m.—ALL FREE.—The GREAT MINTING; PAULA, Queen Reptile Conqueror; Nellie, Charming Transformation Danseuse; Penna, Laughologist; Signor Francia, the renowned Solo Mandolinist; Marion, Comic; Horace's Performing Cats, Dogs, and Monkeys; John Macauley, Character Vocalist; Willis, Comical Conjurer; Swinden, Male Impersonator; Paul de Var, Mimic; the Kryers, Upside-down Dancers; Elise and Henri in Weight Lifting; James Brothers, Pyramidal Chair Acrobats; the Schafers, Musical Clowns; Jose and Rose Parker, Champion Jumpers; the Eccentric Merry Muriels; Buer's Donkeys and Dogs; Schubert's Performing Goats and Dogs; the Mystic Phanto Pantomime; the Gatwards, Hand-Bell Ringers and Vocalists; the Sisters Vacana, Spécialité Dancers; Aama, and her Wrestling Bear; Senorita de Siro, Spanish Singer and Dancer; Bardun and Warburton, and Ladies' Cycle Contests; Annie Luker's marvellous Dive from the Dome, &c., &c. Come Early. Stalls, 4s., 3s., and 2s.; reserved chairs, 1s.; children half-price.

MINTING'S MARVELLOUS FEAT, ON A SINGLE WHEEL, will take place about 4.45 and 9.45.

See the Grand SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT, ANGLING Contest, Klondyke GOLD MINE, in operation, Crystal MAZE, Turkish Harem, Strange Lady, Mermaid, &c., &c.

NOTICE.—SEVENTH ANNUAL GREAT YACHTING EXHIBITION, February 1 to March 2. EIGHTH ANNUAL GREAT FISHERIES EXHIBITION, March 8 to April 5. NO EXTRA CHARGE. All Entertainments as usual.

OLYMPIA.

BARNUM AND BAILEY.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN BY THIS COLOSSAL AND MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITION.

Roman Hippodrome, 2 Menageries, Trained Animals, Aerial Displays, Weird Magic Illusions, Mid-air Wonders, Aquatic Feats, Sub-aqueous Diversions, High-class Equestrianism, 3 Herds of Elephants, 2 Dromedaries, Jumping Horses and Ponies, Races of all kinds, Queer Freak Animals.

STUPENDOUS ASSEMBLY OF NEW LIVING HUMAN PRODIGES.

TWO MAGNIFICENT AQUATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

With Champion Male and Female Swimmers, Divers, Novel Water Craft, and Miniature Ships of War, representing
A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, AND
AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT SANTIAGO.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS EVERY WEEK-DAY.

At 2 and 8 p.m. Doors open 12.30 and 6.30 p.m. Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12.0 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards. Early Entrance fee, 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large Show and the general magnitude of the Exhibitions, necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak, and Illusion Departments can only be open from 12.0 to 4.15 p.m., and from 6.0 to 10.30 p.m.

Every Ticket entitling holder to a Reserved Numbered Seat and admitting to all Advertised Departments without extra charge.

Prices: Amphitheatre, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., and 7s. 6d., according to location; Arena Box Seats, 6s.; Private Boxes, £2 15s. and £3 3s.; Special Prices for Royal Box when not engaged. Children between 4 and 10 years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. Seats. Box Office open from 9.0 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. 1s. and 2s. Seats on sale only after doors open. All other Seats may be booked in advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, AND REGENT STREET W.—XMAS CARNIVAL PROGRAMME. Too Funny for Words. EVERY DAY: AT 3.0 and 8.0.

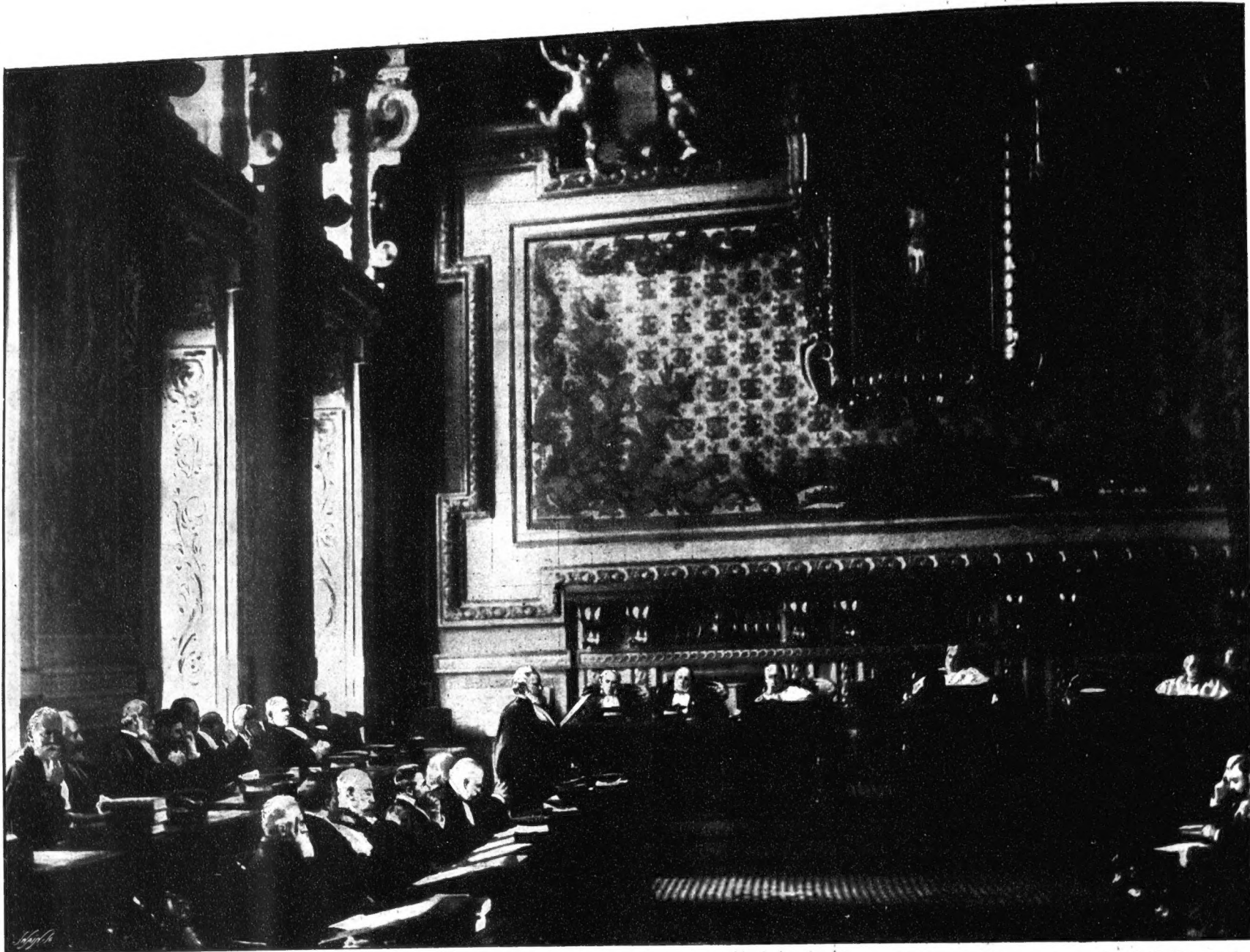
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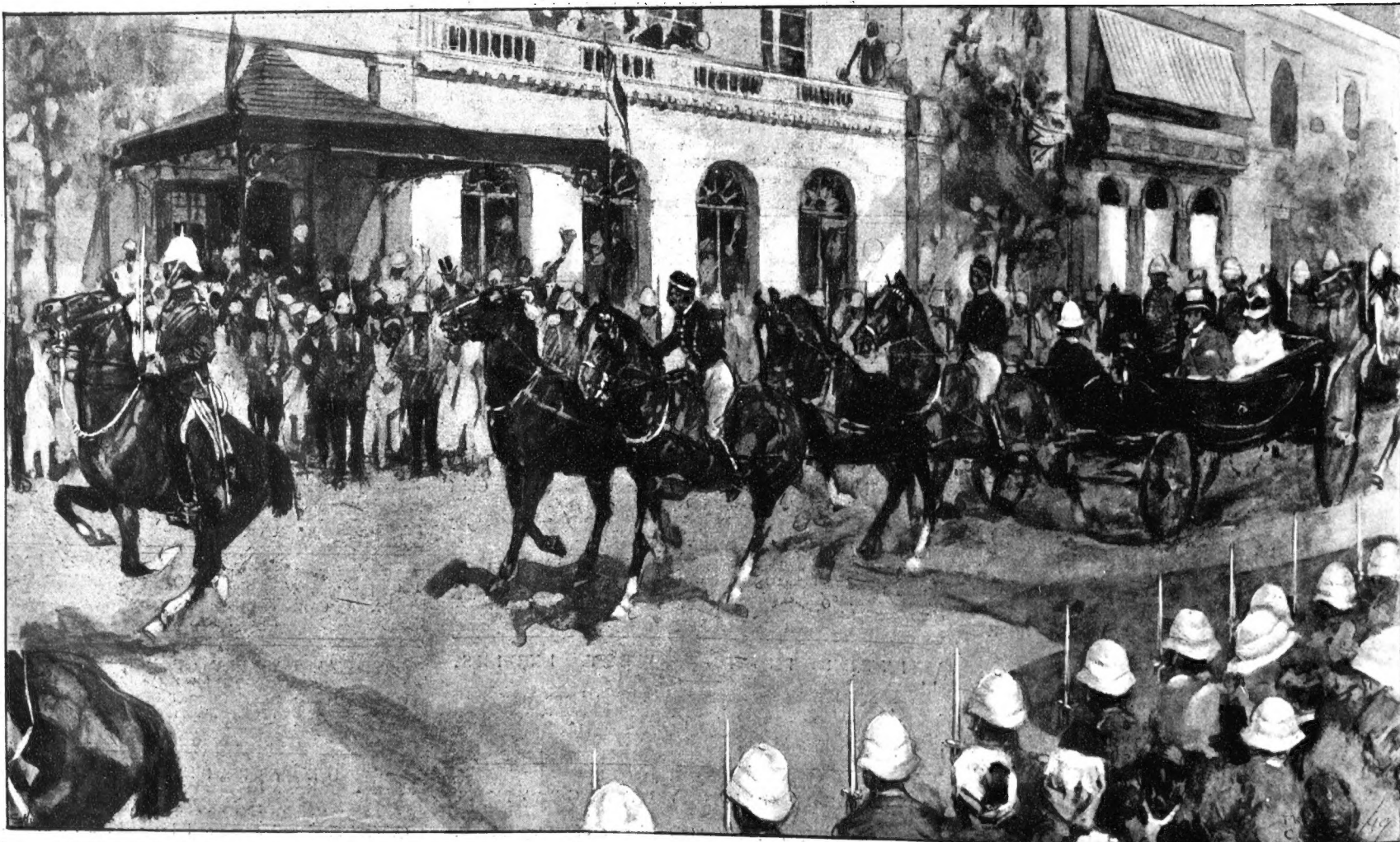
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This illustration, which is from a photograph, shows a general gathering of the Three Chambers of the Cour de Cassation (Civil, Criminal, and "Requêtes"). The presiding judge under the crucifixion is M. Mazeau and M. Loew is on his right

A GENERAL SESSION OF THE COUR DE CASSATION IN PARIS

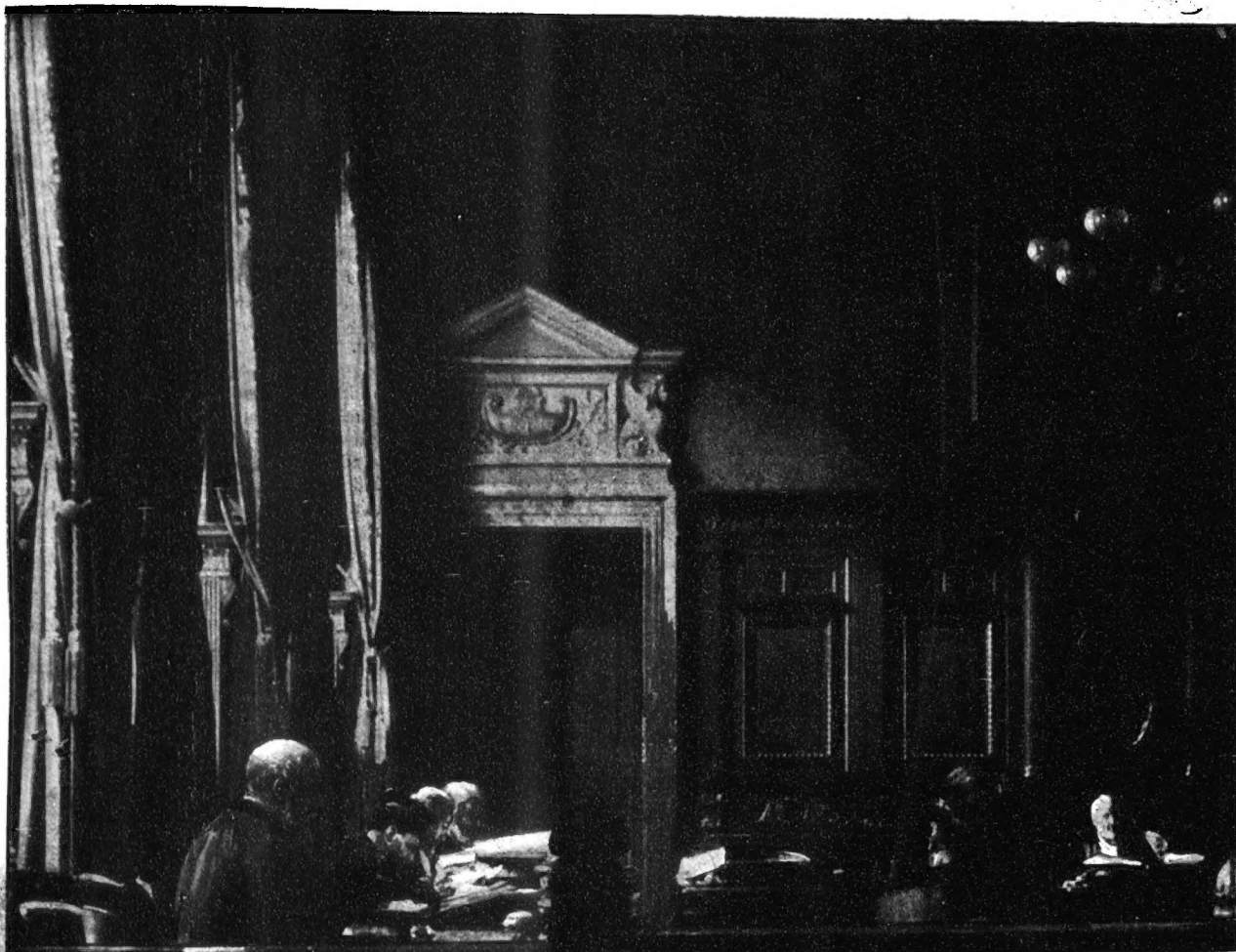


DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE GRANT

Lord and Lady Curzon met with an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival at Calcutta from Bombay. The scene as the procession passed along the streets lined with troops and crowded with sightseers was extremely picturesque. At Government House they were received by Sir John Woodburn, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who conducted them to the verandah, where they were welcomed by Lord Elgin, the retiring Viceroy

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW VICEEROY AT CALCUTTA: THE PROCESSION PASSING THE OLD COURT HOUSE



This photograph was taken during a sitting of the Court, when only one outsider was present, and he was there as a witness. The lawyer in a cap leaning over the desk writing is M. Bard. On the right of the picture, underneath the arch of the wainscoting, is M. Loew.

THE COUR DE CASSATION HEARING A WITNESS

THE COUR DE CASSATION IN PARIS

THE Cour de Cassation, which is now considering the question of revising the Dreyfus case, is the highest Court of Appeal in France, and is composed of a First President, three Presidents of Chamber, and forty-five Councillors, all of them appointed *aut vita, aut culpa* and irremovable. The Court has also a *magistrat du Parquet* (Counsel for the Crown in English), a Procurator-General and six Advocates-General. The First President is M. Mazeau, who will assume the presidency of the Criminal Court when the public trial in the Dreyfus revision case is resumed. The Procurator-General is M. Manau, who presented the *requisition* on behalf of the Government when the case opened.

The Cour de Cassation is divided into three chambers, the *Chambre des Requêtes*, the *Chambre Civile*, and the *Chambre Criminelle*. Each of these consist of a President, fifteen Councillors, two Advocates-General, and a *Greffier* or Clerk of the Court.

The President of the *Chambre des Requêtes* is M. Janon, that of the Civil Chamber M. Ballot-Beaupré (the successor of M. Quesny de Beaurepaire), and that of the Criminal Chamber M. Loew. The two first Chambers sit every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The Criminal Chamber sits as a rule on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, but since the Dreyfus case began it sits daily.

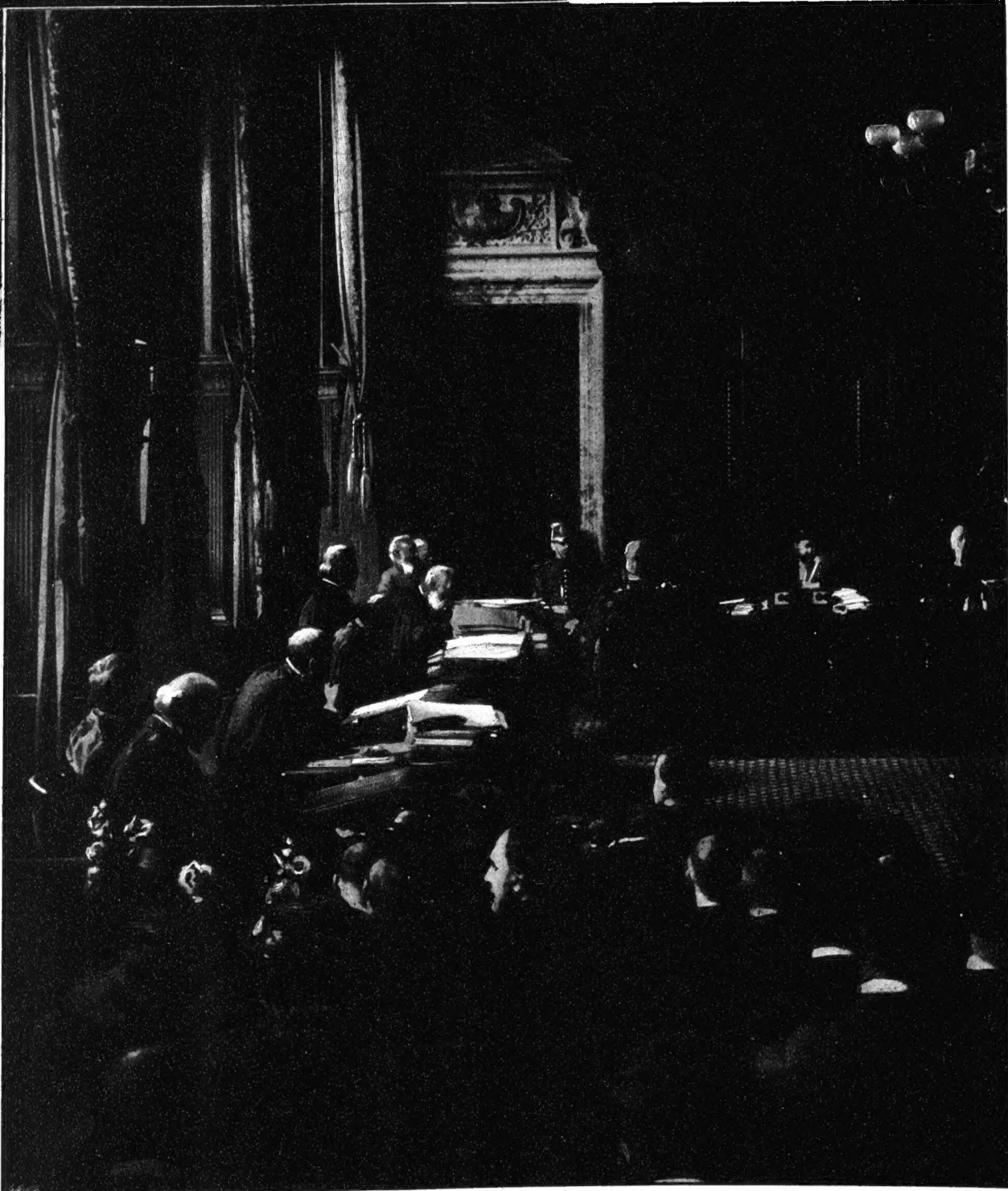
The Court also has a *greffier en chef*, or Head Clerk of the Court, M. Menard, a librarian, three copying clerks, two interpreters, a registrar, eight ushers, and a *concierge*, or door-keeper.

The Order of Advocates of the Council of State and of the Court of Cassation consists of sixty members. The Court sits four hours each sitting, and the audiences are public. The Councillors sit according to seniority, not, however, by age, but by date of appointment. The various Chambers

cannot give a decision if less than eleven members are present. If from illness, or any other cause, this number is not present, a Councillor or Councillors are called from the other Chambers according to seniority. If there should be an absolute equality of votes in a case, five Councillors are taken from one of the other Chambers, and the decision is then given according to the majority. The procedure in the Court is very slow. The judges can hold office till seventy-five years, which is five years longer than the judges of any other Court in France.

Events crowd so quickly one after the other in the all-absorbing *affaire Dreyfus* that there is seldom a week without its quota of sensationalism. Last Saturday the case was brought once more before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Breton, who interpellated the Government regarding the diplomatic *dossier*, and the statement was made that M. Rambaud, former Minister of Public Instruction, had said that the Méline Cabinet had been well aware of Colonel Henry's forgeries. An angry debate ensued. M. Méline indignantly contradicted the assertion, and said "that the Dreyfus agitation was only a pretext, and the country saw in it a systematic and perfidious campaign against the army." The Chamber supported him, and the order of the day, pure and simple, accepted by the Government, was passed by 480 votes to fifty-one.

Another event of the week in this great case is the arrival in Paris of Major Esterhazy, under guarantees of safe conduct, and his examination before the Cour de Cassation. Lastly, there has been a fresh appeal published, calling upon all good citizens to bow in advance before the decision, whatever it may be, of the Cour de Cassation. The appeal is signed by twenty names, among them being those of Victorien Sardou, Jules Claretie, and J. P. Larrous.

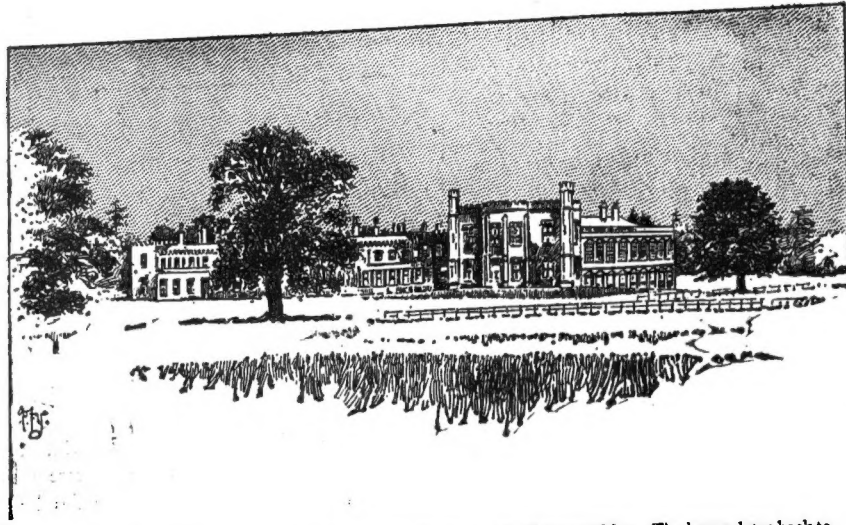


In the background are Messrs. Sallantin, Bard and Loew. On the left is a row of judges with M. Mazeau in the foreground.
THE DREYFUS INQUIRY: A SESSION OF THE CRIMINAL BRANCH OF THE COUR DE CASSATION

Our Portraits

EARL BEAUCHAMP, who has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New South Wales, in succession to Viscount Hampden, who is about to resign his post, is not yet twenty-seven years old, and will thus have the distinction of being by far the youngest of our Colonial Governors. William Lygon, seventh Earl Beauchamp, is the son of the sixth Earl, and was born in 1872. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he made an excellent President of the Union, and, while still a minor, succeeded his father in 1891. He has taken a prominent part in public life, and was in 1895 elected Mayor of Worcester. In 1897 he was elected to the London School Board as a member for Finsbury. Earl Beauchamp, though a Progressive in matters of local administration, is a High Churchman and a Unionist.—Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Another new Colonial Governor appointed is Sir William Macgregor, M.D., K.C.M.G., late Governor of British New Guinea, who has been made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of Lagos, in succession to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir H. E. McCallum, R.E., K.C.M.G. (who has recently been appointed to Newfoundland). Sir William Macgregor was born in 1846, and was educated at Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities, of the latter of which he is M.D. He has seen much Colonial Service. In 1895 he was made an hon. D.Sc.



The country seat of the Earls of Poulett is situated near Crewkerne, in Somersetshire. The house dates back to the time of Henry VII.

HINTON ST. GEORGE, THE SEAT OF THE EARLS OF POULETT

divided, the other part containing Uganda remaining under the care of Bishop Tucker. The new bishop is at present secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Bombay, where he has a high reputation as a missionary. He was educated at the Society's

Mombasa in July of that year was attached to Major Macdonald's Expedition. He was present when the mutiny broke out among the Soudanese troops who formed part of the Expedition, and took part in the fighting.

and his third Rosa, daughter of Mr. Alfred Hugh de Melville. Debrete states that his heir is Viscount Hinton, but does not say who that personage is. There is a well-known claimant to the title, who is familiar to Londoners as an organ-grinder. On his organ there used to be the following notice:—"I am Viscount Hinton, elder son of the Earl Poulett. I have adopted this as a means of earning a living, my father having refused to assist me through no fault of my own." This claimant, who is a son of the late Earl's first wife, was repudiated by the Earl. The second wife had no children. By the third marriage there was one son born, the Hon. William John Lydston Poulett, who is now sixteen years of age, and who was recognised by his father as his rightful heir.

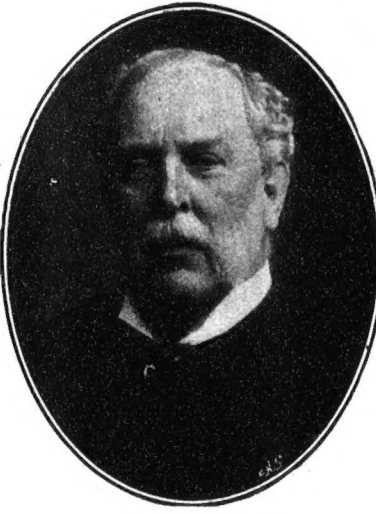
Captain Richard French Kirkpatrick, D.S.O., who was recently murdered by natives in the district north-east of Uganda, was a son of the late Mr. Alexander R. Kirkpatrick, of Donacomper, County Kildare. He was educated at Rugby, and after passing through Sandhurst entered the Army in 1885. He served five years in India, and passed the grade in Hindustani and Persian. Early in 1897 he was selected for service under the Foreign Office in Uganda, and on his arrival at



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. F. KIRKPATRICK
Murdered in Uganda



SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR
The Governor of Lagos



MR. WILLIAM KESWICK
New M.P. for Surrey (Epsom Division)



THE RIGHT REV. W. G. PEEL
New Bishop of Mombasa



EARL BEAUCHAMP
New Governor of New South Wales



SEÑOR EMILIO ACEVAL
New President of Paraguay



MR. G. H. MURRAY
New Secretary of the Post Office



THE LATE EARL POULETT



THE LATE LIEUT. E. M. TOWNEND
Killed on the Niger



CAPT. THURSBY DAUNCEY
The only Officer who fought at both Kassassin and Omdurman

of Cambridge, and in the same year was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea. Sir William Macgregor represented Fiji at the Federal Council of Australasia in 1886, and has several times administered the Government of Fiji, and acted as High Commissioner and Consul-General for the West Pacific. He was created C.M.G. in 1884 and K.C.M.G. in 1889.—Our portrait is by Poulsen, Brisbane.

Mr. George H. Murray, C.B., who has been appointed secretary to the Post Office in succession to Sir Spencer Walpole, will be fifty years old this year. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford. He began his official career in the Foreign Office in 1873, and was transferred to the Treasury in 1880. Mr. Murray was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone during his last term of office as Premier, and when Lord Rosebery took over the reins of Government Mr. Murray became his private secretary also, retaining that position until the resignation of the Liberal Government. In 1897 he succeeded Sir Alfred Milner as chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. Mr. Murray is a Radical in politics, and his selection says much for the impartiality of the present Government.—Our portrait is by Numa Blanc Fils, Cannes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed the Rev. William George Peel to the new Missionary See of Mombasa, East Africa. The new diocese consists of the Eastern or coast section of the old Eastern Equatorial African Missionary Diocese, which is now to be

College at Islington, and was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1879.—Our portrait is by C. Hawkins, Bath.

Mr. William Keswick, who was on Monday returned unopposed to Parliament, as a Unionist, for the Epsom Division of Surrey, in succession to Mr. Justice Bucknill, is engaged in business as a China merchant, and is a member of the firm of Matheson and Co., of Lombard Street. He is a director of the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company and Chairman of the Imperial Bank of Persia. He should be an acquisition to the House, for he has a thorough knowledge of Chinese affairs, having spent nearly thirty years in China.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The death is announced of Earl Poulett as having occurred at his London residence on Sunday. William Henry Poulett, sixth Earl Poulett, was born in 1827. He was the third son of Vice-Admiral the Hon. George Poulett, the second son of the fourth Earl. He succeeded his uncle in 1864. He was educated at Sandhurst, and was for some years in the Army, serving first in the 54th, and then with the 22nd, with whom he took part in the expedition from Peshawar to Boroe Valley, and was present at the storming of the heights. He retired in 1857 with the rank of captain. Lord Poulett was a keen sportsman and an enthusiastic yachtsman. He was an owner of racehorses, and won the Grand National twice. He was three times married. His first wife was Elizabeth Lavinia, daughter of Mr. Newman, a pilot of Landport. His second wife was Miss Emma Sophia Johnson,

The only officer who took part in the charge at Kassassin, in 1882, and in the charge at Omdurman is Captain Thursby Dauncey. He is the son of Captain Philip Dauncey (late 77th Regiment), grandson of the late Colonel Sir Thomas Livingstone Mitchell, A.D.C. to Wellington in the Peninsular War, and great-grandson of General Blunt, who was at his death the oldest General in the Army. Captain Dauncey enlisted in 1879 in the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), and volunteered to the 7th Dragoon Guards for the Egyptian War of 1882, through which he served as a lance-corporal. Immediately afterwards he was promoted to be lance-sergeant, and obtained his commission in the 21st Hussar (now Lancers) in 1894.—Our portrait is by Heyman, Cairo.

A correspondent in Asuncion writes:—"His Excellency Emilio Aceval, the President of the Paraguay Republic, who has just taken office, has done so amidst the general good wishes of the entire nation. Born in Asuncion in 1854, he took part as a Volunteer in the campaign of 1867, and, in 1870, entered the National College of Buenos Aires, where he graduated in Physical Science. He then travelled for three years, and returned to Paraguay in 1881.

The death is announced of Lieutenant E. M. Townend, of the Royal Niger Constabulary, from the effect of wounds received in the recent fighting on the Niger. He was shot in the lungs and stomach at the battle of Illah, when leading the Company's troops, a few weeks ago.—Our portrait is by C. Hawkins, Brighton.

The Memorial Service at Khartoum

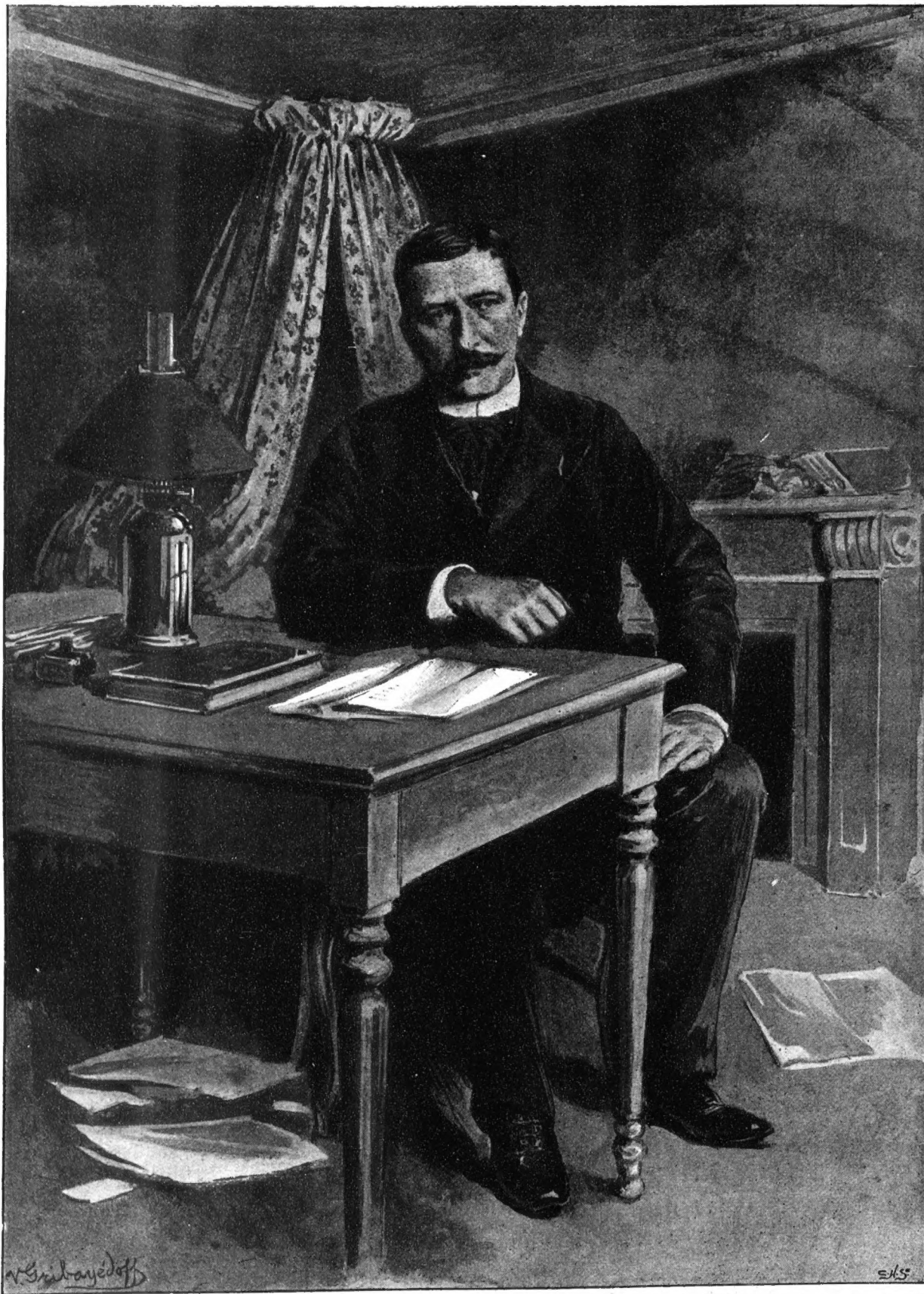
By W. T. MAUD

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT

It was Sunday morning in Omdurman—one might say it was the first Sunday that had dawned over that dark city for fourteen years. The camp was astir early, for this day was to be marked by a great and solemn ceremony at Khartoum, and the detachments of troops that had been detailed to take part in it were making their preparations to embark. The Sirdar had issued orders that a Memorial Service would be held at the Konak at Khartoum, in memory of the late General Gordon, and representatives of every arm of the force were to be present. The steamers that were to convey them thither were moored in a long line along the river bank. It was an imposing fleet, and consisted of the new twin-screw gunboats, the old and oft-tried stern-wheelers, and the paddle-boats that once belonged to General Gordon, and were captured from the Dervishes but two days ago by his avengers. By nine o'clock everything was ready, the boats cast loose their moorings, and the funeral procession started. The time, the place and the circumstances combined to make it remarkable; the world will never see another at all resembling it. The steamers, one behind another, passed slowly up the river in front of Omdurman, and we, who had watched the battle from the land, gazed with deep interest at this new aspect of the great city. The brown waters of the Nile, on which we rode, swept fiercely past the battered forts and ruined walls of the Khalifa's enclosure. Tuti Island—from whence the howitzer battery wrought this havoc—lay immediately opposite, and beyond to the south was Khartoum, half-hidden amongst green trees. Though we were still some distance from the town the Konak was plainly visible. It stood out boldly upon the bank, blazing in the light of the burning sun, a broad splash of white upon a background of dark foliage. The steamers made straight towards it, and stopped just below a stone-built quay, where the troops disembarked and took up their places promptly in front of the palace. It was an imposing edifice still, though ruined and seared with battle scars. The upper portion of it had tumbled down, the roof had gone, and the square mullioned windows were more than half blocked up with stones, exactly as they had been left by the gallant defenders fourteen years ago. On the right-hand side stood a magnificent acacia tree, and its dense foliage threw a cool shadow across the blistered walls. Vultures and kites rose, startled, from the ruins and circled lazily overhead, while a crowd of natives assembled on the bank and gazed wonderingly as the soldiers took their appointed places. The English stood on the right, with the Guards' band and the pipers; the Soudanese and Egyptians on the left. In the centre, surrounded by his generals and staff, stood the Sirdar. Four officers then mounted on top of the ruined walls and advanced to where two flag poles had been rigged up and to which they stand beside them. At a sign from the Sirdar the Union Jack and Egyptian flag were run up simultaneously, and fluttered gaily in the breeze. "God Save the Queen" rang out from the Guards' band, the *Melik* fired her biggest gun, and the troops saluted. The Egyptian flag was honoured in the same manner, the 12th Soudanese band playing the Khedivial hymn. Three lusty cheers

were then given for the Queen and the Khedive, and the booming of the twenty-one-gun salute ended. A deep silence followed, and then a minute gun commenced to fire, while the four chaplains of the force took their place in front of the Sirdar, facing the troops. Each one in turn read a prayer, Father Brindle, standing bare-headed throughout the service. It was a most solemn moment, a most impressive ceremony, and there were many stern and weather-beaten soldiers whose eyes were dimmed with deep emotion. The prayers were ended, the Amen had been said, and one looked instinctively for the grave, one waited for the final act of burial. No effort of the imagination was needed to picture the body of General Gordon lying in state here covered by the Union Jack, and surrounded by these soldiers with heads bent low. Upon everything lay the burning sun of the tropics, and a profound silence that was only broken by the booming of the minute guns. It was a

but the steps have long since tumbled into ruin, and there is nothing left to mark the spot but a mound of debris. The river front is ornamented with a well-built quay, and several fine acacia trees and slender date palms lend an elegance to the plain and massive building. A high wall encloses what must once have been a most beautiful garden, at the back of the house. From long neglect, the fruit trees have become overgrown, and bear no fruit, and their branches stretch out across the pathways, blocking them up. The pomegranates were all in flower, and these rich red spots of colour upon the deep green background appealed strongly to the eyes of men who had been marching so long across the dazzling yellow sand of the desert. Beyond the garden, upon the river bank, we came upon more relics of the great man who had done so much for the welfare of this country and its people. There were portable engines, of English make, which had once been used for pumping water into the irrigation channels. Like everything else in Khartoum, they were all in a battered and ruinous condition. The life went out of them when the hand that placed them there was stilled in death. Close beside them a primitive "sakeyieh" creaked and groaned as the bullocks crawled slowly round and round the ponderous water-wheel. It hummed, as it were, a mournful requiem over these skeletons of the past.



Colonel Picquart was, it will be remembered, after a trial by court-martial, removed from the active list of the army last year for having "communicated secret documents." He subsequently challenged the authenticity of the "documents," and three days afterwards was arrested on the charge of forging the famous "petit bleu." He has been in the Cherche Midi prison ever since awaiting his trial.

THE DREYFUS CASE: COLONEL PICQUART IN THE CHERCHE MIDI PRISON

funeral service that had long been delayed, but it had come at last, and it was not unworthy of him to whom it was accorded. It was marked by great simplicity and soldierlike precision, those qualities so eminently characteristic of the life of General Gordon. There was no pomp or show that money could have provided, but it was none the less magnificent and complete. Of the men who had come to perform the ceremony there were many who had for long years struggled and sweated upon the road that ended at this spot. They had carved their way through hordes of savage foes to render to a great Englishman the last honours of the dead. When all was over, the troops were dismissed, and every one took advantage of the occasion to explore the Palace and garden that surrounds it. The Palace is built throughout of stone, and covers an immense area of ground. The staircase, where General Gordon fell, is situated on the west face of the building, which is square,

Court and Club

By "MARMADUKE"

SIR HORACE RUMBOLD, the British Ambassador at Vienna, will have to retire from the Service within a month or two from now, as he will then have reached the age of seventy when the Superannuation Clause will compel him to do so. This raises a difficult question. A Minister of State can continue in office up to any age, so long that is as he is mentally and physically capable of performing his duties. Lord Dufferin, a year or two ago, was compelled to resign the post of British Ambassador in Paris, because he had attained the limit of age, though he was rendering brilliant services to the State, and was in a condition to continue to render such services.

The compulsory retirement of Lord Dufferin was much to be deplored. However, the interests of the younger members of the Service have to be guarded, and it is not advisable, therefore, to do anything which may unreasonably interfere with the free flow of promotion. The Superannuation Clause might nevertheless be made more elastic in its provisions than it is now, so that when a man of the calibre of Lord Dufferin, for instance, reaches the limit of age his official career may be considerably extended.

The Clause, as it now stands, only permits the Foreign Secretary to extend the term for one year, and this Lord Salisbury has recently done in the case of

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington.

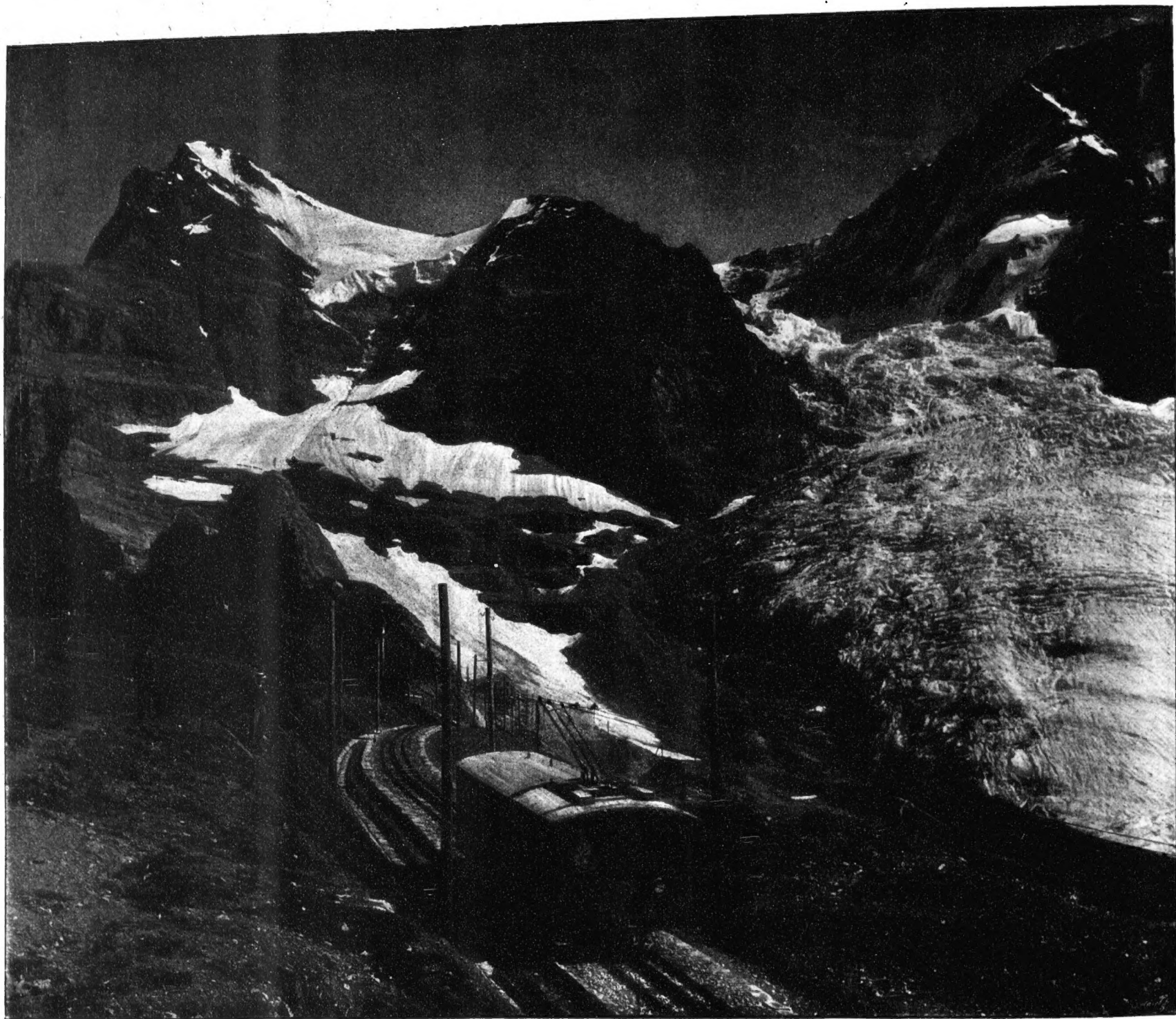
This is the Augustan Age of Charity. We are inclined to imagine that it must be so, seeing the immoderate number of public and private subscriptions which are continually being organised for benevolent purposes. "A Rich Man" writes:—"Please suggest that almshouses for indigent philanthropists should be established. It is no exaggeration to say that one-third of the letters which I receive appeal for pecuniary assistance. My wife—more ambitious than I am in this direction—is anxious to be known in the West End. The majority of her aristocratic friends make me pay a tax in the shape of subscriptions to this and to that charitable undertaking. I can already see the newspaper headline, 'Bankrupt through Benevolence,' describing my case."

The Jungfrau Railway

ONE of the most daring engineering undertakings of recent times is the construction of a railway to the summit of the Jungfrau, one of the highest mountains in Switzerland. The first section has just been opened, and reaches to the edge of the great Eiger Glacier, of which we give an interesting view specially taken. Beyond this point the railway is to be pushed straight into the heart of the Eiger and on through the rocky fortress of Mönch, then upward and onward, inside of the mighty Jungfrau, so that in three years from now the lazy tourist may be taken in safety to the lofty peak, which up to the present time has been reached only by the hardest and most daring mountain climbers. The railway line climbs for six miles through the stubborn rock! The trains will crawl under the deep glaciers, and move upward within huge peaks cloaked with snow a hundred feet deep, and at last rest on a shelf in the sky, just under the highest needle crag of the Jungfrau. Then there will be an American elevator to lift people to the topmost point, from which they may look out upon Switzerland. Interlaken

prospect of further increase. The gauge is only about thirty-one and one half inches, and the motive power electricity, with a continuous external current conductor. There is a central rackrail. From the Little Scheidegg Station, now reached, to the Jungfrau Peak will be 12,443 metres (about 40,500 feet, or seven and two-third miles), of which distance about 9,970 metres is tunnel. The electric power will be obtained from the mountain streams, Black Lutschine and White Lutschine, with a total of 4,500 horse-power within two miles of the line. The maximum supply demanded from the power-house will be about 1,000 horse-power. The Swiss Federal Council will compel the company to insure the lives of all passengers using the railway. The maximum speed on gradients exceeding five per cent. will be eight kilometres per hour, on gradients less than fifteen per cent. 8.5 kilometres per hour. The steepest gradient of the line is one in four, the sharpest curve has a radius of 100 metres; the smallest vertical radius at a change of gradient is 500 metres; the maximum breadth of the carriages is 2.5 metres, and the maximum height three metres, the speed allowed being seven to ten kilometres per hour. From the turbines to the starting point of the line at the Little

the diminution of atmospheric pressure might be detrimental to the traveller's health, the Concessionaire has consulted the well-known aeronaut, Spelterini, of Stuttgart, who considers such apprehensions to be unfounded. He has on many occasions risen to heights beyond 4,000 metres with his balloon, accompanied by persons of different constitutions, without anyone feeling the worse for it in health, which may be explained by the fact that a person is taken to such altitudes without any bodily exertion on his part, his heart beating no quicker than when he is in a state of perfect repose. As regards the fears of "mountain sickness," Professor Dr. P. Regnard, the celebrated French pathologist, says:—"On my return from a visit to the Bernese Oberland, where I examined the locality to be traversed presently by the Jungfrau Railway, I set to work in my laboratory, wishing to ascertain, by a few experiments, whether persons, raised in a short space of time to an altitude of 4,000 metres, were liable to suffer from mountain sickness. The result of my investigation is that no such thing will occur, except, perhaps, in the case of a few nervous people gifted with a lively imagination." It only remains to speak of the great scientific importance of the undertaking which, as crowning point of the Jungfrau Railway, is bound to ensure to Switzerland a physical observatory of the first rank on the Mönch or Jungfrau, far above the limit of eternal snow, in the centre of the grandest and most imposing mountain and

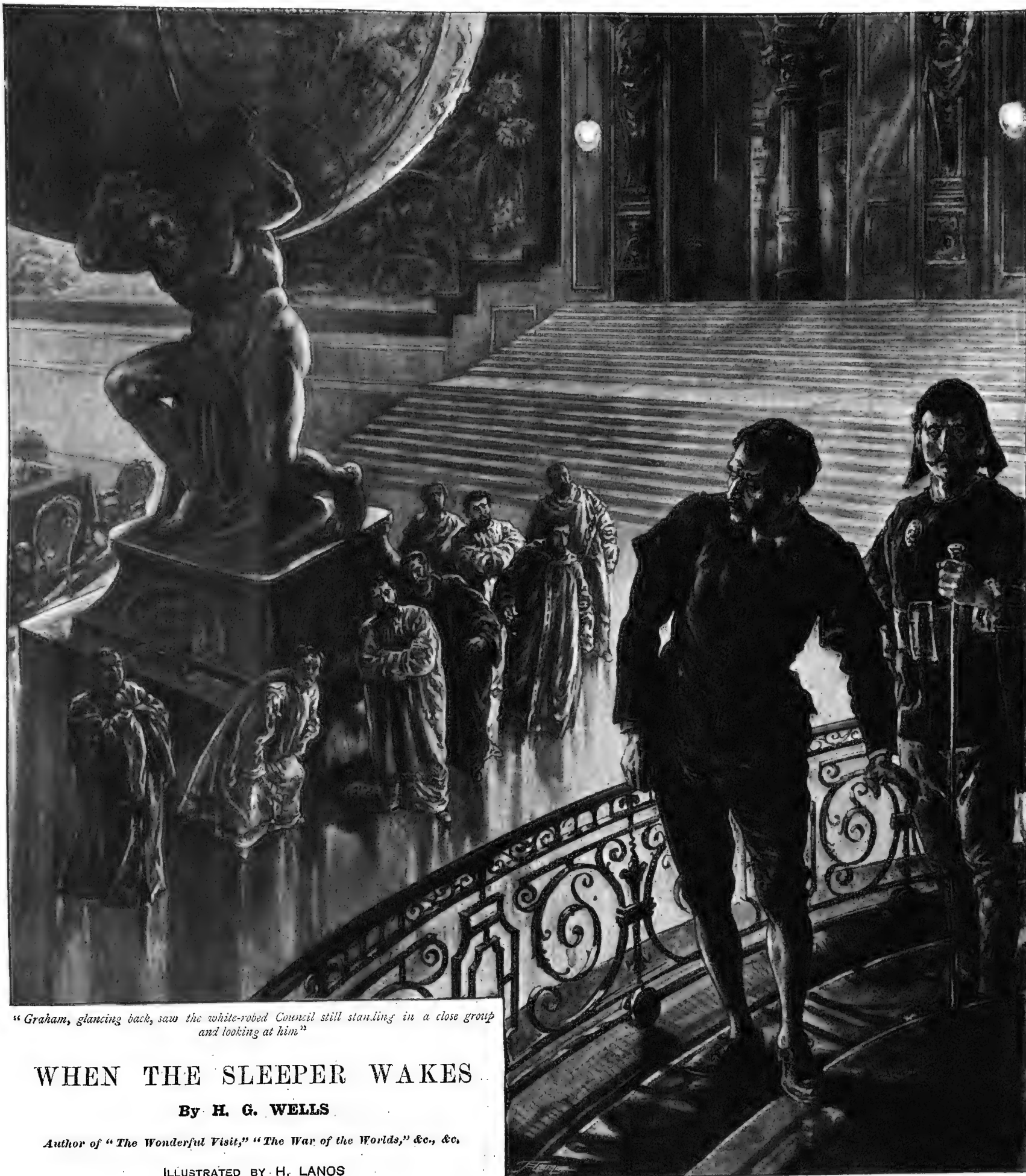


THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY: EIGERGROTTE, THE FIRST GLACIER STATION
AN ENGINEERING TRIUMPH IN SWITZERLAND

is 1,863 ft. above the sea. Passengers from Interlaken will be taken, within two and a half hours, from an elevation of 1,863 ft. to an elevation of 13,670 ft. One of the most serious doubts which attacked the projectors of the railway was whether or not invalids and people of weak constitutions would be injured if suddenly taken into the rarefied air. "Mountain sickness" is very common even at much lower altitudes than that of the Jungfrau, but it is claimed that such sickness can always be traced to an overdose of alcohol, wrong diet, or too much physical exertion. The Pilatus Railway, once accepted as the final wonder in mountain railways, carries its passengers to a height of 6,795 English feet. The Rigi Railway, which amazed Mark Twain, reaches a height of 5,900 feet. The Jungfrau Railway is already open to the Eiger Gletscher, 7,565 feet above sea-level, and the builders feel that they have comfortably reached the first landing and made a fair start. The first estimated cost of this vast undertaking was 7,500,000 francs. Since then it has been raised to 10,000,000 francs, with the usual

Scheidegg the distance is about eight kilometres, from there to the beginning of the tunnel about two and a half kilometres; the tunnel has a length of about ten kilometres. Considering the formation of the mountain, the line indicated by M. Guyer-Zeller must be acknowledged as an exceedingly happy choice, and it may be doubted whether a better solution of the problem could be conceived. The selection of places for the intermediate stations must also be highly commended. The practicability of the railway will be guaranteed by the construction of tunnels as soon as the snow-line is reached, and by working the trains by electricity. Greater feats of engineering have been accomplished; the Gotthard Tunnel, for instance, is longer than all the tunnels of the Jungfrau Railway when taken together, and the gradient of the Jungfrau Railway will not be half as steep as those of many Swiss mountain railways already in existence. The estimate of revenue assumes that 10,000 persons will travel to the Eiger Station, and 7,000 to the Jungfrau. With regard to the question, so largely discussed, as to whether

glacier scenery. Voluntarily and unexpectedly, the Concessionaire offers the sum of at least 100,000 francs for building and equipping an observatory specially for meteorological and other telluric and physical work, and further binds himself to contribute annually 6,000 francs towards the expenses of the working season, or together a donation equal in value to about 250,000 francs (10,000%). Nor must we forget the numerous and very promising balloon ascents which might be made from the summit. In the international competition for plans, &c., for the projected railway no less than 145 were sent in; of these 47 came from Switzerland, 44 from Germany, 14 from America, 11 from England, 11 from Italy, 7 from France, 5 from Austria and Hungary, 2 from Holland, and 1 each from Belgium, Servia, Russia, and Algiers. The concession was eventually adjudged to M. Guyer-Zeller, engineer of Zürich, now the Chairman of the Jungfrau Railway Syndicate, who, in opening the first section of the line, expressed the hope that at no very distant date he might be able to welcome those present on the summit of the Jungfrau.—Our illustration is from a photograph by A. Braun and Co.



"Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued)

THE conversation lasted an interminable time to Graham's sense. His eyes rose to the still giant at whose feet the Council sat. Thence they wandered at last to the walls of the hall. It was decorated in long painted panels of a quasi-Japanese type, many of them very beautiful. Those panels were grouped in a great and elaborate framing of dark wood or metal, which passed into the metallic caryatidæ of the galleries, and the great structural lines of the interior. The facile grace of these panels enhanced the mighty white effort that laboured in the centre of the scheme. Graham's eyes came back to the Council, and Howard was descending the steps. As he drew nearer his features could be distinguished, and Graham saw that he was flushed and blowing out his cheeks. His countenance was still disturbed when presently he reappeared along the gallery.

"This way," he said concisely, and they went on in silence to a little door that opened at their approach. The two men in red stopped on either side of this door. Howard and Graham passed in, and Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him. Then the door closed behind him with a heavy thud, and for the first time since his awakening he was in silence. The floor even was noiseless to his feet.

Howard opened another door, and they were in the first of two contiguous little chambers furnished in white and green. "What Council was that?" began Graham. "What were they discussing?

What have they to do with me?" Howard closed the door carefully, heaved a huge sigh, and said something in an undertone. He walked slanting ways across the room and turned, blowing out his cheeks again. "Ugh!" he grunted, a man relieved.

Graham stood regarding him.

"You must understand," began Howard abruptly, avoiding Graham's eyes, "that our social order is very complex. A half explanation, a bare unqualified statement would give you false impressions. As a matter of fact—it is a case of compound interest partly—your small fortune, and the fortune of your cousin Warming which was left to you—and certain other beginnings—have become very considerable. And in other ways that will be hard for you to understand, you have become a person of significance—of very considerable significance—involved in the world's affairs."

He stopped.

"Yes?" said Graham.

"We have grave social troubles."

"Yes?"

"Things have come to such a pass that, in fact, it is advisable to seclude you here."

"Keep me prisoner!" exclaimed Graham.

"Well—to ask you to keep in seclusion."

Graham turned on him. "This is strange!" he said.

"No harm will be done you."

"No harm!"

"But you must be kept here——"

"While I learn my position, I presume."

"Precisely."

"Very well then. Begin. Why harm?"

"Not now."

"Why not?"

"It is too long a story, Sir."

"All the more reason I should begin at once. You say I am a person of importance. What was that shouting I heard? Why is a great multitude shouting and excited because my trance is over, and who are the men in white in that huge council chamber?"

"All in good time, Sir," said Howard. "But not crudely, not crudely. This is one of those flimsy times when no man has a settled mind. Your awakening. No one expected your awakening. The Council is consulting."

"What Council?"

"The Council you saw."

Graham made a petulant movement. "This is not right," he said. "I should be told what is happening."

"You must wait. Really you must wait."

Graham sat down abruptly.

"I suppose since I have waited so long to resume life," he said shortly, "that I must wait a little longer."

"That is better," said Howard. "Yes, that is much better. And I must leave you alone. For a space. While I attend the discussion in the Council. . . . I am sorry."

He went towards the noiseless door, hesitated and vanished.

Graham walked to the door, tried it, found it securely fastened in some way he never came to understand, turned about, paced the

THE GRAPHIC

room restlessly, made the circuit of the room, and sat down. He remained sitting for some time with folded arms and knitted brow, biting his finger nails and trying to piece together the kaleidoscopic impressions of this first hour of awakened life; the vast mechanical spaces, the endless series of chambers and passages, the great struggle that roared and splashed through these strange ways, the little group of remote unsympathetic men beneath the colossal Atlas, Howard's mysterious behaviour. There was an inkling of some vast inheritance already in his mind—a vast inheritance perhaps misapplied—of some unprecedented importance and opportunity. What had he to do? And this room's secluded silence was eloquent of imprisonment!

It came into Graham's mind with irresistible conviction that this series of magnificent impressions was a dream. He tried to shut his eyes and succeeded, but that time-honoured device led to no awakening.

Presently he began to touch and examine all the unfamiliar appointments of the two contiguous chambers in which he found himself.

In a long oval panel of mirror he saw himself and stopped astonished. He was clad now in a graceful costume of purple and bluish white, with a little greyshot beard trimmed to a point, and his hair, its black streaked now with bands of grey, arranged over his forehead in an unfamiliar but graceful manner. He seemed a man of five-and-forty perhaps. For a moment he did not perceive this was himself.

A flash of laughter came with the recognition. "To call on old Warming like this!" he exclaimed, "and make him take me out to lunch!"

Then he thought of meeting first one and then another of the few familiar acquaintances of his early manhood, and in the midst of his amusement realised that every soul with whom he might justly have had many scores of years ago. The thought smote him abruptly and keenly; he stopped short, the expression of his face changed to a white consternation.

The tumultuous memory of the moving platforms and the huge façade of that wonderful street reassured itself. The shouting multitudes came back clear and vivid, and those remote, inaudible, unfriendly councillors in white glancing towards him. He felt himself a little figure, very small and ineffectual, pitifully conspicuous. And all about him, the world was—strange.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SILENT ROOMS

PRESENTLY Graham resumed his examination of his apartments. Curiosity kept him moving in spite of his fatigue. The inner room, he perceived, was high, and its ceiling dome shaped, with an oblong aperture in the centre, opening into a funnel in which a wheel of broad vans seemed to be rotating, apparently driving the air up the shaft. The faint humming note of its easy motion was the only clear sound in that quiet place. As these vans sprang up one after the other, Graham could get transient glimpses of the sky. He was surprised to see a star.

This drew his attention to the fact that the bright lighting of these rooms was due to a multitude of very faint glow-lamps set about the cornices. There were no windows. And he began to recall that along all the vast chambers and passages he had traversed with Howard he had observed no windows at all. Had there been windows? There were windows on the street indeed, but were they for light? Or was the whole city lit day and night for evermore, so that there was no night there? He could not clearly determine this at the time, but afterwards he found the latter alternative was the case.

And another thing dawned upon him. There was no fireplace in either room. Was the season summer, and were these merely summer apartments, or was the whole city uniformly heated or cooled? He became interested in these questions, began examining the smooth texture of the walls, the simply constructed bed, the ingenious arrangements by which the labour of bedroom service was practically abolished. The air was sweet and pleasing and free from any sense of dust. And over everything was a curious absence of deliberate ornament, a bare grace of form and colour, that he found very pleasing to the eye. There were several comfortable chairs, a light table on silent runners carrying bottles of fluid and glasses, and two plates bearing a clear substance like jelly. Then he noticed there were no books, no newspapers, no writing materials. "The world has changed indeed," he said.

He observed one entire side of the outer room was set with rows of peculiar double cylinders in racks inscribed with green lettering on white that harmonised with the decorative scheme of the room, and in the centre of this side projected a little apparatus about a yard square and having a white smooth face to the room. A chair faced this. He had a transitory idea that these cylinders might be books, or a modern substitute for books, but at first it did not seem so.

The lettering on the cylinders puzzled him. At first sight it seemed like Russian. Then he noticed a suggestion of mutilated English about certain of the words.

"Øi Man huwdbi Kin,"

forced itself on him as "The Man who would be King." "Phonetic spelling," he said. He remembered reading a story with that title, then he recalled the story vividly, one of the best stories in the world. But this thing before him was not a book as he understood it.

He puzzled over the peculiar cylinder for some time and replaced it. Then he turned to the square apparatus and examined that. He opened a sort of lid and found one of the double cylinders within, and on the upper edge a little stud like the stud of an electric bell. He pressed this and a rapid clicking began and ceased. He became aware of voices and music, and noticed a play of colour on the smooth front face. He suddenly realised what this might be, and stepped back to regard it.

On the flat surface was now a little picture, very vividly coloured, and in this picture were figures that moved. Not only did they move, but they were conversing in clear small voices. It was exactly like reality viewed through an inverted opera glass and heard through a long tube. His interest was seized at once by the situation, which presented a man pacing up and down and vociferating

angry things to a pretty but petulant-looking woman. Both were in the picturesque costume that seemed so strange to Graham. "I have worked," said the man, "but what have you been doing?"

"Ah!" said Graham. He forgot everything else, and sat down in the chair. Within five minutes he heard himself named, heard "when the Sleeper wakes," used jestingly as a proverb for remote postponement, and passed himself by, a thing remote and incredible. But in a little while he knew those two people like intimate friends.

At last the miniature drama came to an end, and the square face of the apparatus was blank again.

It was a strange world into which he had been permitted to see, unscrupulous, pleasure-seeking, energetic, subtle, a world too of dire economic struggle; there were allusions he did not understand, incidents that conveyed strange suggestions of altered moral ideals, flashes of dubious enlightenment. The blue canvas that bulked so largely in his first impression of the city ways appeared again and again as the costume of the common people. He had no doubt the story was contemporary, and its intense realism was undeniable. And the end had been a tragedy that oppressed him. He sat staring at the blankness.

He started and rubbed his eyes. He had been so absorbed in the latter-day substitute for a novel, that he awoke to the little green and white room with more than a touch of the surprise of his first awakening.

He stood up, and abruptly he was back in his own wonderland. The clearness of the kinetoscope drama passed, and the struggle in the vast place of streets, the ambiguous Council, the swift phases of his waking hour, came back. These people had spoken of the Council with suggestions of a vague universality of power. And they had spoken of the Sleeper; it had really not struck him vividly at the time that he was the Sleeper. He had to recall precisely what they had said.

He walked into the bedroom and peered up through the quick intervals of the revolving fan. As the fan swept round, a dim turmoil like the noise of machinery came in rhythmic eddies. All else was silence. Though the perpetual day still irradiated his now apartments, he perceived the little intermittent strip of sky was deep blue—black almost, and set with faint stars. He concluded the time must be far on in the night.

But he was neither hungry nor sleepy. He resumed his examination of the rooms. He could find no way of opening the padded door, no bell nor other means of calling for attendance. His feeling of wonder was in abeyance; but he was curious, anxious for information. He wanted to know exactly how he stood to these new things. He tried to compose himself to wait until someone came to him. Presently he became restless and eager for information, for distraction, for fresh sensations.

He went back to the apparatus in the other room, and had soon puzzled out the method of replacing the cylinders by others. As he did so, it came into his mind that it was these little appliances had fixed the language so that it was still clear and understandable after two hundred years. The haphazard cylinders he substituted displayed a musical fantasia. At first it was beautiful, and then it was sensuous. He presently recognised what appeared to him to be an altered version of the story of Tannhauser. The music was unfamiliar. But the rendering was realistic, and with a contemporary unfamiliarity. Tannhauser did not go to a Venusberg, but to a Pleasure City. What was a Pleasure City? A dream, surely, the fancy of a fantastic, voluptuous writer.

He became interested, curious. The story developed with a flavour of strangely twisted sentimentality. Suddenly he did not like it. He liked it less as it proceeded.

He had a revulsion of feeling. There were no pictures, no idealisations, but photographed realities. He wanted no more of the twenty-second century Venusberg. He forgot the part played by the model in nineteenth century art, and gave way to an archaic indignation. He rose, angry and half-ashamed at himself for witnessing this thing even in solitude. He pulled forward the apparatus, and with some violence sought for a means of stopping its action. Something snapped. A violet spark stung and convulsed his arm and the thing was still. When he attempted next day to replace these Tannhauser cylinders by another pair he found the apparatus broken.

He had come upon strange times. He struck out a path oblique to the room and paced to and fro, struggling with intolerable vast impressions. The things he had derived from the cylinders and the things he had seen conflicted, confused him. It seemed to him the most amazing thing of all that in his thirty years of life he had never tried to shape a picture of these coming times. "We were making the future," he said, "and hardly any of us troubled to think what future we were making. And here it is!"

"What have they got to, what has been done? How do I come into the midst of it all?" The vastness of street and house he was prepared for, the multitudes of people. But conflicts in the city ways! And the systematised sensuality of a class of rich men!

He thought of Bellamy, the hero of whose Socialistic Utopia had so oddly anticipated this actual experience. But here was no Utopia, no Socialistic state. He had already seen enough to realise that the ancient antithesis of luxury, waste and sensuality on the one hand and abject poverty on the other, still prevailed. He knew enough of the essential factors of life to understand that correlation. And not only were the buildings of the city gigantic and the crowds in the street gigantic, but the voices he had heard in the ways, the uneasiness of Howard, the very atmosphere spoke of gigantic discontent. What country was he in? Still England it seemed, and yet strangely "un-English." His mind glanced at the rest of the world, and saw only an enigmatical veil.

He prowled about his apartment, examining everything as a caged animal might do. He felt very tired, felt that feverish exhaustion that does not admit of rest. He listened for long spaces under the ventilator to catch some distant echo of the tumults he felt must be proceeding in the city.

The strangeness of his experience came to dominate his mind. He began to talk to himself. "Two hundred and three years!" he said to himself over and over again, laughing stupidly. "Then I am two hundred and thirty-three years old! The oldest inhabitant! Surely they haven't reversed the tendency of our time and gone back to the rule of the oldest. My claims are indisputable. Mumble,

mumble. I remember the Armenian atrocities as though it was yesterday. 'Tis a great age! Haha!" He was surprised at first to hear himself laughing, and then laughed again deliberately and louder. Then he realised that he was behaving foolishly. "Steady," he said. "Steady!"

His pacing became more regular. "This new world," he said.

"I don't understand it. Why? But it is all *why*!"

"I suppose they can fly and do all sorts of things."

"Let me try and remember just how it began."

He was surprised at first to find how vague the memories of his first thirty years had become. He remembered fragments, for the most part trivial moments, things of no great importance that he had observed. His boyhood seemed the most accessible at first, he recalled school books and certain lessons in chemistry. Then he revived the more salient features of his life, memories of the wife long since dead, her magic influence now gone beyond corruption, of his rivals and friends and betrayers, of the swift decision of this issue and that, and then of his last years of misery, of fluctuating resolves, and at last of his strenuous studies. In a little while he perceived he had it all again; dim perhaps, like metal long laid aside, but in no way defective or injured, capable of re-polishing. And the hue of it was a deepening misery. Was it worth re-polishing? By a miracle he had been lifted out of a life that had become intolerable.

He reverted to his present condition. He wrestled with the facts in vain. It became an inextricable tangle. He saw the sky through the ventilator pink with dawn. An old persuasion came out of the dark recesses of his memory. "I must sleep," he said. It appeared as a delightful relief from this mental distress and from the growing pain and heaviness of his limbs. He went to the strange little bed, lay down and was presently asleep.

He was destined to become very familiar indeed with these apartments before he left them, for he remained imprisoned for three days. During that time no one, except Howard, entered his prison. The marvel of his fate mingled with and in some way minimised the marvel of his survival. He had awakened to mankind it seemed only to be snatched away into this unaccountable solitude. Howard came regularly with subtly sustaining and nutritive fluids, and light and pleasant foods, quite strange to Graham. He always closed the door carefully as he entered. On matters of detail he was increasingly obliging, but the bearing of Graham on the great issues that were evidently being contested so closely beyond the sound-proof walls that enclosed him, he would not elucidate. He evaded, as politely as possible, every question of the position of affairs in the outer world.

And in those three days Graham's incessant thoughts went wide and far. All that he had seen, all this elaborate contrivance to prevent him seeing, worked together in his mind. Almost every possible interpretation of his position was debated in his mind—even as it chanced, the right interpretation. Things that presently happened to him, came to him at least credible, by virtue of this seclusion. When at last the moment of his release arrived, it found him prepared. He was no longer passive and enfeebled but alert, and very speedily a participator in the great drama that played about him.

Howard's bearing went far to deepen Graham's impression of his own strange importance; the door between its opening and closing seemed to admit with him a breath of momentous happening. His inquiries became more definite and searching. Howard retreated through protests and difficulties. The awakening was unforeseen, he repeated; it happened to have fallen in with the trend of a social convulsion. "To explain it I must tell you the history of a gross and a half of years," protested Howard.

"The thing is this," said Graham. "You are afraid of something I shall do. In some way I am arbitrator—I might be arbitrator."

"It is not that. But you have—I may tell you this much—the automatic increase of your property puts great possibilities of interference in your hands. And in certain other ways you have influence, with your eighteenth century notions."

"Nineteenth century," corrected Graham.

"With your old world notions, anyhow, ignorant as you are of every feature of our State."

"Am I a fool?"

"Certainly not."

"Do I seem to be the sort of man who would act rashly?"

"You were never expected to act at all. No one counted on your awakening. No one dreamt you would ever wake. The Council had surrounded you with antiseptic conditions. As a matter of fact, we thought that you were dead—a mere arrest of decay. And—but it is too complex. We dare not suddenly—while you are still half awake."

"It won't do," said Graham. "Suppose it is as you say—why am I not being crammed night and day with facts and warnings and all the wisdom of the time to fit me for my responsibilities? Am I any wiser now than two days ago, if it is two days, when I awoke?"

Howard pulled his lip.

"I am beginning to feel—every hour I feel more clearly—a sense of complex concealment of which you are the salient point. Is your precious Council, or committee, or whatever they are, cooking the accounts of my estate? Is that it?"

"That note of suspicious—" said Howard.

"Ugh!" said Graham. "Now, mark my words, it will be ill for those who have put me here. It will be ill. I am alive. Make no doubt of it, I am alive. Every day my pulse is stronger and my mind clearer and more vigorous. No more quiescence. I am a man come back to life. And I want to *live*—"

"Live!"

Howard's face lit with an idea. He came towards Graham and spoke in an easy confidential tone.

"The Council secludes you here—for your good. You are restless. Naturally—an energetic man! You find it dull here. But we are anxious that everything you may desire—every desire—every sort of desire. There may be something. Is there any sort of company?"

He paused meaningly.

"Yes," said Graham thoughtfully. "There is."

"Ah! Now! We have treated you neglectfully."

"The crowds in yonder streets of yours."

"That," said Howard, "I am afraid— But—"

Graham began pacing the room.

"Everything you say, everything you do, convinces me—of some great issue in which I am concerned. Yes, I know. Desires and indulgence are life in a sense—and Death! Extinction! In my life before I slept I had worked out that pitiful question. I will not begin again. There is a city, a multitude— And meanwhile I am here like a rabbit in a bag."

His rage surged high. He choked for a moment and began to wave his clenched fists. He gave way to an anger fit, he swore archaic curses. His gestures had the quality of physical threats.

"I do not know who your party may be. I am in the dark, and you keep me in the dark. But I know this, that I am secluded here for no good purpose. For no good purpose. I warn you, I warn you of the consequences. Once I come at my power—"

He realised that to threaten thus might be a danger to himself. He stopped. Howard stood regarding him with a curious expression.

"I take it this is a message to the Council," said Howard.

Graham had a momentary impulse to leap upon the man, fell or stun him. It must have shown upon his face; at any rate Howard's movement was quick. In a second the noiseless door had closed again, and the man from the nineteenth century was alone.

For a moment he stood rigid, with clenched hands half raised. Then he flung them down. "What a fool I have been!" he said, and gave way to his anger again, stamping about the room and shouting curses. For a long time he kept himself in a sort of

behaviour, sinister glances, inexplicable hesitations. Then, for a time, his mind circled about the idea of escaping from these rooms; but whither could he escape into this vast, crowded, world? He would be worse off than a Saxon yeoman suddenly dropped into nineteenth century London. And besides, how could anyone escape from these rooms?

"How can it benefit anyone if harm should happen to me?"

He thought of the tumult, the great social trouble of which he was so unaccountably the axis. A text, irrelevant enough and yet curiously insistent, came floating up out of the darkness of his memory. This also a Council had said:

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people."

(To be continued)

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

In the last volume of the new edition of Thackeray's works copious allusion is made to his lectures. This recalls to my mind

Then he had some difficulty in turning the handle. I saw my opportunity, and bounded forward and expertly closed the door. "Thank you very much!" said the distinguished novelist, and turning to the driver he added "Garriek Club!" And I went home gloriously happy in not only having seen the author of "The Newcomes," but in being supremely honoured in having four words addressed especially to myself. I do not think we have so much enthusiasm in the present day, or possibly we have not authors sufficiently great to awake it.

The Work and General Purposes Committee of the Vestry of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, seem to be fully alive to the dangers of the gigantic advertisement hoarding to which I called attention last week. Their recommendation to the effect that it "be a standing order of the Vestry that no hoarding upon or over the public highway be sanctioned under any circumstances of a greater height than twelve feet, without the previous sanction of the Works Committee," is an excellent one, but the responsibility of making the aforesaid hoarding perfectly safe under any circumstances of wind and weather should devolve upon its constructors, and they should be held liable for any accident that might take place in consequence of its erection. It is quite bad enough that we should have pleasant country places besmirched and made hideous by the irrepressible advertiser, but when he not only does this, but imperils our lives and our limbs in town, it is time for energetic protest.



This photograph, which we have received from a correspondent in Hamilton, shows the effects of a recent snowstorm which passed over Canada in the first week of December.

A CANADIAN WINTER SCENE: WEST AVENUE, HAMILTON, AFTER A SNOWSTORM

frenzy, raging at his position, at his own folly, at the knaves who had imprisoned him. He did this because he did not want to look calmly at his position. He clung to his anger—because he was afraid of Fear.

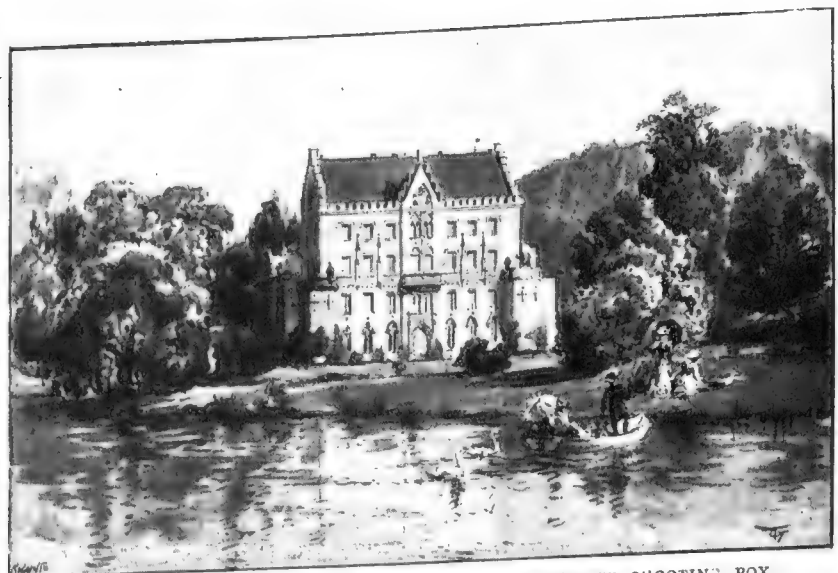
Presently he found himself reasoning with himself. This imprisonment was unaccountable, but no doubt the legal forms—new legal forms—of the time permitted it. It must, of course, be legal. These people were two hundred years further on in the march of civilisation than the Victorian generation. It was not likely they would be less—humane. His imagination set to work to suggest things that might be done to him. The attempts of his reason to dispose of these suggestions, though for the most part logically valid, were quite unavailing. "Why should anything be done to me?"

"If the worst comes to the worst," he found himself saying at last, "I can give up what they want. But what do they want? And why don't they ask me for it instead of cooping me up?"

He returned to his former preoccupation with the Council's possible intentions. He began to reconsider the details of Howard's

that the first time I ever saw the author of "Vanity Fair" was at a lecture he delivered at Sussex Hall in Leadenhall Street. I am not certain whether the hall still exists, but my memory of the occasion alluded to is as clear as if it happened only yesterday. In those days of my boyhood my favourite authors were Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray, and they continue to occupy the same position in my admiration even unto the present day. I recollect with all the enthusiasm of youth I took a platform ticket in order to be as near the great man as possible. After the lecture, which was an admirable one entitled "Humour and Charity," my way from the platform lay through a dimly lighted tank-like ante-room, and there I found the lecturer enveloping himself in a hairy garment, which used to be known as a Poncho wrapper, and just departing. With the utmost reverence I followed him at a respectful distance down a narrow thoroughfare into Fenchurch Street. It had been raining all day, and the pavement was wet and glistening, and I can at this moment see the reflection of that tall figure as it slowly walked in front of me. Presently a four-wheeler came along, and my hero hailed it, opened the door and got in.

Indeed the foot-passenger in London, who ought to be the first to be considered, is more neglected than anyone else. He suffers all sorts of perils, all kinds of indignities, every description of inconvenience, and no one thinks of suggesting that he should receive any sort of compensation. Now for the last two or three years they have been erecting a gigantic hotel at the bottom of the Haymarket, and the builders have taken possession of the public pavement and have ruined the boots of ratepayers by the varied footways—all more or less excruciating—that they have laid down for their accommodation. This week they have converted the sidewalk into a sort of Slough of Despond through which we have been compelled to wade. How long we shall have to suffer from this despotism I am unable to say. But what I want to know is, do the builders alluded to pay any compensation to the parish for their annexation of the public pathway? If not, why do they not compensate the ratepayers? If they like to send me three dozen pairs of shoes, which I have had ruined by their operations, I will undertake to say nothing more about the matter.



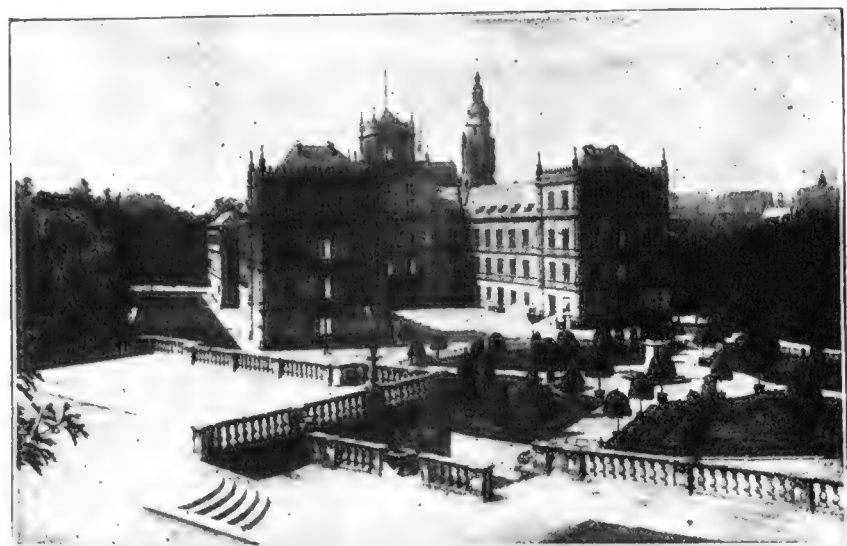
SCHLOSS REINHARDSBRUNN, NEAR GOTHÄ: A FAVOURITE SHOOTING BOX



THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT COBURG, PRESENTED BY THE DUKE



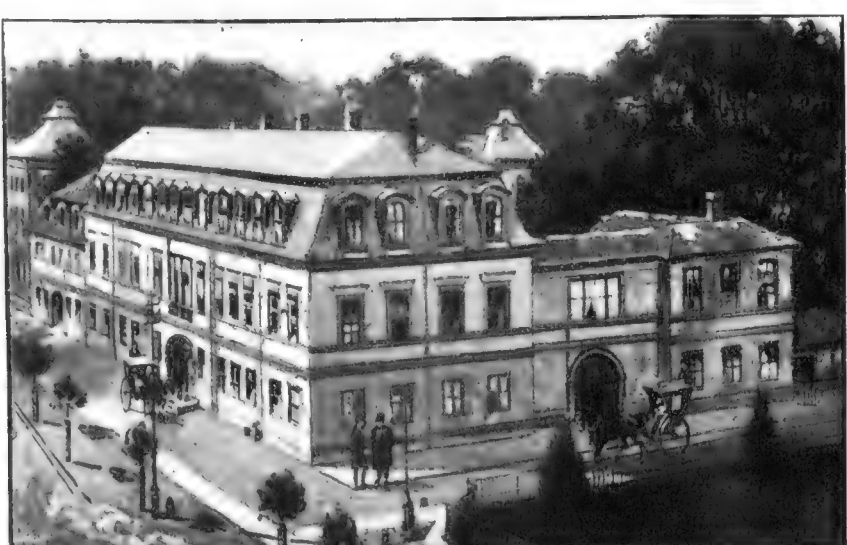
THE FORTRESS OVERLOOKING THE TOWN OF COBURG



SCHLOSS EHRENBURG: THE WINTER PALACE



SCHLOSS FRIEDENSTEIN, GOIHA, WHERE THE SILVER WEDDING HAS BEEN CELEBRATED



THE OLD WINTER PALACE, NOW THE ENGLISH PENSION



THE DUCHESS MARIE'S INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS



H.R.H. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Duke of Edinburgh, married H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, January 23, 1874

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, WHO CELEBRATED THEIR SILVER WEDDING ON MONDAY
From a Photograph by E. Uhlenhuth, Coburg

The Silver Wedding at Gotha

THE Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha celebrated their Silver Wedding on Monday. Happily the Duke's health is in a much stronger state than it was last winter, when he was obliged to go to Egypt. The present reigning family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is widely connected with European Royal houses, and many distinguished personages have this week assembled within the walls of Schloss Friedenstein in Gotha.

On ordinary occasions the members of the Royal Family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha are widely scattered, only the young Princess Beatrice remaining at home. The heir to the throne is serving in a German regiment, and was prevented by illness from being present; of the three other children, all daughters, who met together to congratulate their parents, the eldest is married to the Crown Prince of Roumania, the second to the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the third to Prince Hohenlohe Langenberg.

Of the twenty-five years of married life now concluded, the Duke spent more than two-thirds in active service as an officer in our Royal Navy. The "Senior Service" boasted of few better officers, and when in 1893 the Duke of Edinburgh succeeded his uncle on the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha there was a feeling of real regret in Naval circles. However, this was a matter of duty, and certainly thirty-five years of sea service fairly entitled the Duke to that *otium cum dignitate* which he has enjoyed for the last five years, and which we hope he may continue to enjoy for many years to come.

The residence of German Federal Princes in their own dominions is determined, to a certain extent, by law. Thus, as a general rule, the Ducal family only leave Saxe-Coburg-Gotha during a part of the English season, and again in the autumn for their hunting seat of Hinteris in the Tyrol. Of the numerous residences possessed by the Duke, by far the most remarkable is Schloss Friedenstein in Gotha, the scene of the Silver Wedding festivities. In mere size it is said to stand third among European palaces, containing, as it does, more than three hundred rooms. Built in German Renaissance style at the end of the Thirty Years' War, at a time when labour was cheap and idlers many, the Schloss is laid down on a scale which, one would think, must have sometimes sorely taxed the

successors of Ernest the Pious, who built it. The Schloss stands on the site of the terrible Grimmenstein, which was destroyed by the Elector of Saxony in 1562. Gotha at that time could not have been the pleasant place of residence which it has become in these modern days, seeing that the Elector described the Grimmenstein as a "nest of murderers." In 1677, some twenty years after the building of the Schloss, a fire broke out which destroyed the south-eastern tower. For some reason the new tower was built dome-shaped instead of pyramidal, and it is this divergence in shape which saves the Schloss from the charge of being monotonous in outline.

As might be expected, the English visitor finds much inside the Schloss to remind him of his own country. In the Hall of Mirrors is an interesting series of water-colour sketches by Chevalier representing scenes through which the Duke has passed in his wide wanderings. Schloss Friedenstein, standing as it does on a hill, is a striking landmark, its towers and interminable lines of windows, of which there is said to be over a thousand, being visible for leagues around.

Here the Ducal family resides from January to April. Gotha, a town of about 36,000 inhabitants, was dull enough under the *régime* of the last Duke, who practically kept no Court. Now, especially in the winter season, it shows many signs of life. A certain "out-of-the-world" air, as in the case of some of our cathedral cities, is apt to characterise German Ducal towns, but the buildings springing up on every side prove that Gotha is taking its share in the general prosperity which the Fatherland is now enjoying. This is as it should be, and as the Duke, who is a modern-minded man, would have it. Picturesqueness and quietude are very well in their way, but, after all, electric trams and improved waterworks have their advantages. Gotha is, indeed, both picturesque and mediæval, but it is also reasonably modern, with its wide boulevards, excellent theatre, tram-line, electric light, and handsome hotels; and if it continue to grow as it has done lately it ought to double its population within the next hundred years. Our American cousins would, perhaps, think lightly of this rate of progress, but a staid, elderly, respectable German Ducal town cannot be expected to "boom" and skip and jump like a Transatlantic township. Places known by such names as Jacksonville and Salem City may run riot as they please, but one feels that if Gotha, which loves to connect its origin with the ancient Goths, and which is mentioned in history as early as the year 770, chooses to go the way of modern progress it should be allowed to do so, adopting its own pace.

Winter weather in the Thuringian country is cold, but it is also bright, dry, and exhilarating. On an average there are about two months' skating. During that time the pretty lake in the park is placed at the disposal of the town people, a portion, however, being reserved for the use of the Ducal family and those to whom they are pleased to send invitations to join them on the ice. Here the Duchess may frequently be seen, as also her youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice, who is an accomplished and graceful skater.

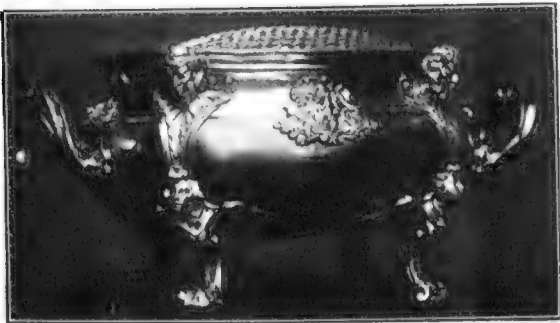
The genial tempers of the Royal couple have made them justly popular in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It might easily have been otherwise. In the first place Gotha is a stronghold of social democracy. Then, too, since the period of Imperial ambition set in the Germans are not too lavish as to the amount of affection they are willing to bestow outside the Fatherland, and while his consort was a Russian, the Duke, in coming to the throne, was known to be English, both in sentiment and education, that which is not to be wondered at after nearly four decades spent under the White Ensign. Fortunately, the qualities which win esteem and affection have little to do with questions of nationality, and the native kindness and urbanity of the Royal couple are as conspicuous in their German dominions as they were when they exercised hospitality at the Palace of San Antonio, in Malta, in the year 1887. We may mention here two incidents which illustrate the characteristic thoughtfulness of the Duke and Duchess. The English colony in Gotha is not very large, but it is of long standing. Indeed, for all we know, it may date back to the "rich Engländer" mentioned by Beck, whose widow rendered material assistance to Ernest the Pious in his efforts to provide a suitable residence. Some three or four years ago, Duke Alfred, discovering for himself that the English were very badly off in the matter of church accommodation, not only gave them the use of the pretty Schlosschen, now known as the Englische Kirche, but went to considerable personal expense in turning it into a church and chaplain's residence. We observe that amongst the loyal addresses called forth by the Silver Wedding is one from the British residents in the Duchy, who have thus shown themselves mindful of the special claim which the illustrious couple possess on the reverence and affection of loyal British hearts. The other incident is quite recent. Always interested as the Duchess has been in works of charity, many institutions here in Gotha owe much to her beneficence, and she has just given in a very charming way a new proof of her goodness by requesting that the money, which the ladies of Gotha had collected for a Silver Wedding gift



Eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha
H.R.H. ALFRED, HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

should be handed over to the Home for the Blind. Such incidents are pleasant to narrate. One feels that rulers who are capable of such kindly acts are sure of the esteem and affection of their subjects.

It is not to be supposed that five years' occupation of a Ducal throne has made any material alteration in the personal characteristics of the second son of our Queen. His former life may have been more strenuous, for the Duke of Edinburgh was no "fresh-water" sailor, but at the same time his present illustrious position is by no means that of a sinecure. Lord Salisbury, impressed by the diplomatic abilities shown by the Admirals of the Powers in Cretan waters, humorously suggested in his Guildhall speech that it would not be a bad thing to plant in each European cabinet an Admiral in command. We are by no means sure that the former life of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was not the best preparation for the present. At all events we think we are right in assuming that the considerable administrative and business abilities which he



Presented by the English community to the Duke and Duchess
SILVER JARDINIÈRE

shows in his present sphere were acquired in the Admiral's state-room on board a British man-of-war. Of course there is no scope for nautical abilities in the Thuringian country. One little token, however, which is furnished by the Duke's present interest in "incombustible" wood, proves that the former Admiral follows watchfully the development of modern naval affairs.

For the rest Duke Alfred remains the same figure which was long familiar to the British public. He is always a keen sportsman, and finds abundant scope for his favourite recreation in the forests round Rheinardbrunnen and in the Tyrol. He still shows the same refined interest in works of art, the same passion for music. Both he and the Duchess are great lovers of the drama, and under their care the Ducal theatre, which they regularly attend, has maintained its reputation as one of the best of its kind in Germany. Always of a retiring disposition, this characteristic, as well as that of his transparent good nature, was hit off the other day by an "old inhabitant," who remarked that the Duke was seldom to be met with, but when you did meet him he was ready to do anything for you.

As a place of residence for English families Gotha is cheap, compared with such places as Dresden and Hanover. Rents are very low, while for those who think housekeeping irksome there is a larger pension, sometimes known by the name of the Winter Palace. Most

English people come to Gotha in search of education for their children.

One of our illustrations represents the "Duchess Marie Institute for Girls," from which the Princesses were educated. The Institute was founded by the Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is extremely interested in its welfare. It is by no means a private school, but has a Government standing.

In summer time British tourists find their way into this Thuringian country. The travelling public are not so conservative as they used to be, and Thuringia, with its vast forests, pine-scented air, beautiful scenery, and picturesque towns, is, if not inundated with visitors, at least better known than it was a few years ago.

R. B. E.

THE SILVER WEDDING

On Monday—the actual anniversary—the Duke and Duchess held a grand reception in the Throne Room of the Castle of Friedenstein, and the members of the Ducal family came first to offer their congratulations. Then followed Diplomatic and Government officials, representatives of various bodies and societies in the Duchies, and deputations from foreign regiments, many of whom presented either addresses or flowers. In a long speech the Duke returned thanks for all the signs of love and confidence shown to the Duchess and himself, and promised loyalty in return for the loyalty entended to himself. He stated that he would ever remain one with his people, and knew no higher law than the welfare of his Duchies. At six o'clock a gala banquet followed, covers being laid for 150 guests. The service was of massive silver, the table being adorned by *épergnes* given to the Duke when he was serving in the British Navy. Finally, a little before eight o'clock, the Duke and Duchess made a progress through the town, which was beautifully illuminated, even in the smallest streets, and the crowds thronging the thoroughfares lustily cheered the Ducal pair.

The German Emperor sent a costly clock from the Imperial Porcelain manufactory, and a Silver Wedding medal will be struck and given to all those who took a leading part in the festivities. The Kaiser himself was unfortunately unable to be present, nor could any of our Royal Family attend the ceremony, but there was a number of distinguished guests. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Serge and Grand Duke Alexis came from Russia, while the Earl of Clarendon represented the Queen, and Captain Fortescue, R.N., the Prince of Wales. The British Minister, Sir A. Condie Stephen, was also present.—Our portrait of H.R.H. Alfred, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is by W. Hoffert, Berlin.

THE WEDDING IN 1874

The day of the wedding of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia began inauspiciously as far as the weather

was concerned, and it was remarked at the time that the English had taken their weather with them to St. Petersburg. But damp, dark, and cold as the weather was, the streets were crowded with people and gay with banners. The guests began to arrive at the Winter Palace at half-past ten. When all had arrived a procession was made through the hall to the chapel. There the spectacle was most imposing. The chapel, blazing with light and filled with gorgeous uniforms and rich dresses, made an unique picture. The golden doors of the sanctuary were thrown open displaying the altar covered with the cloth of gold. Between the golden columns supporting the baldachino were the venerable priests in gold-embroidered vestments. As soon as the company had assembled the Tsar Alexander II. led his daughter and the Duke of Edinburgh to the altar, where having each received a taper they knelt. Then began the ceremony of betrothal and marriage. The most picturesque part of the ceremony consisted in placing golden crowns on the heads of the Royal couple, which were afterwards held over them by the groomsmen and bridesman. After the Russian Service a procession was re-formed to the Alexander Hall, and there Dean Stanley married the Royal couple according to the Anglican rite.

BEGGING IS QUITE A FINE ART IN CHINA, for whole families regularly devote the winter to this occupation. In certain provinces where the land is not very fertile the inhabitants make their calculations in the autumn as to how many in the family can exist on the product of the harvest. The "superfluous mouths" are then sent off on a begging tour, taking with them a few clothes, &c., on a barrow. They call themselves "famine fugitives," and manage to exist most comfortably on public charity till the spring, when they go home again to till the land.

Among Pygmies and Cannibals

By ALBERT B. LLOYD

FROM very early times the so-called "Mountains of the Moon" have been one of the principal physical features of the Dark Continent, and even to us of the nineteenth century those mountains, being yet unexplored, are among earth's greatest wonders. They rise from the spreading plain to some 17,000 ft., like mighty monuments, on the very heart of Darkest Africa, and nothing could be more majestic, in this strange land, than the snow-clad peaks towering above all, and seen for miles around glittering and sparkling under the tropical sun.

On the eastern slopes of these most beautiful mountains are the tribe of people called the Watoro, a harmless and inoffensive race, who for many years were scattered abroad by the constant raids made upon them by slave dealers, and by Kabarega, the rebel King of Unuro, and who to-day are living in peace and quietness

under the protection of the British flag. Their country is open and fertile and the population large, governed by King Kasagama, who was placed in this position by Captain Lugard, and has ever since been a loyal adherent to Her Majesty's Government. It was here that I commenced the expedition through the Dark Forest, down the Aruwimi and the Congo to the West Coast, and thus completed a journey across Africa from East to West, begun by me in 1894.

It would be quite impossible for me to give an adequate description of this journey in a short article, and I shall, therefore, remark chiefly upon that part of the country which is least known to the civilised world. My caravan consisted of my own private servants and about twenty porters to carry the few loads of clothes, barter goods, &c., which are necessary, a dokey, a bicycle, and a poodle



MR. ALBERT B. LLOYD



In Imperial weddings in Russia the priest places crowns upon the heads of the couple about to be married, but they do not wear the crowns until the end of the ceremony. The groomsmen and bridesman hold them over the respective heads of the bridegroom and bride during the remainder of the service. In this case the Duke of Connaught and the Grand Duke Vladimir performed this duty.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE AT ST. PETERSBURG, JANUARY 23, 1874

dog. For the first five days of the way our path led due south, as we had to pass round the southern slopes of the "Mountains of the Moon."

Upon these slopes of the mountains lives another tribe of people called the Wakonjo, a quiet, timid folk, who were driven to the hills for refuge in the old days of slave-raiding. They are perfectly nude, and yet do not seem to suffer in any way from the bitter cold of the mountains. In the evening, as I used to sit at my tent door, I could always see the fires of the mountaineers dotted about the hillside, as they sit, and often sleep, outside their huts. Reaching the most southerly point of the mountains on September 25, 1898, I was kindly entertained by the Soudanese officer in charge of the British outpost at Katwe, which is a fort built on the northern shores of Lake Albert Edward, the great Salt Lake being close by. It was after leaving this place that we crossed the frontier of the Congo Free State, rounded the southern extremity of the mountains, and proceeded in a northerly direction, following the course of the River Semliki, which joins the Albert Edward Lake, to the Albert Lake. From one of the high points of the mountainous paths that we traversed we had a most complete view of the valley of the Semliki, extending almost from one lake to the other. For another five days we pushed our way along the riverside, when we reached the first frontier fort of the Congo Free State—"Mbeni."

This fort was built early in 1898 after the suppression of the serious Batatela rebellion, and was to be a kind of city of refuge for any future occasion. And now at this place I had to make my final preparations for the plunge into the unknown depths of the Pygmy Forest. So far as I can make out there are three distinct courses open to one at this point. There is Stanley's route, through the northern portion of the forest, and the direct route to Stanley Falls working down the Lindi River, or lastly, the route leading through the very centre of the forest, striking the Aruwimi River somewhere about Mawambi, and proceeding down that river to Basoko at the conjunction of the Aruwimi and the Congo. This last was the route I chose, wishing to proceed by the least known of the three routes, and also to see as much as possible of those strange little people, the Pygmies.

I left Mbeni on October 2, and in less than an hour after the start I had plunged into the darkest part of Darkest Africa.

I shall not forget the strange and weird sensations one had that first day in the forest. I felt we were entering upon an adventure of no common order, and what we should see would be all new to us. At night we camped in a little clearing of the forest where the undergrowth was not so thick and tangled, and here I pitched my tent, tying the ropes to the trunks of surrounding trees. I then got my porters to build a small "zareba" around the camp. This was accomplished by driving huge stakes into the ground at a distance of about one foot from each other, and then with the creepers tying on a mass of cross pieces making the whole fairly strong. The porters then cut for themselves boughs of trees, which they arranged so as to form a shelter from the cold night winds, and under these with a few green leaves for a bed they slept.

Giant forest trees which have stood for centuries seemed to have the knack (?) of falling to earth just as one was peacefully sleeping; especially was this the case during the terrible storms that constantly raged in the night time. At other times it would be the wild beasts that kept the nervous ones awake; the blood-curdling yelp of the leopard, or the crashing of the elephants around the camp as they came blundering quite close up to us, before finding out their mistake, and then issuing those childish trumpetings as they dashed off again into the thick bush. But on the sixth day of our march through the forest we encountered the world-famed pygmies. They came shyly creeping into my camp that evening, as I sat before the tent door reading, keeping their little sparkling eyes moving constantly from one to another of my caravan. None of them were over four feet in height, and yet all were very powerfully built, and very hairy; most of the full-grown men had beards half way down the chest. A strip of bark cloth was all the clothing worn by men and women alike. The men each carried tiny bows and arrows, or short throwing spears, both of which they can use with great effect. Altogether I think no type of human being could be more in keeping with this intensely weird place than these Bambuti, otherwise called pygmies.

I was able by interpretation to hold quite an interesting conversation with the chief of their party, as at this particular encampment there was a very small number of people, brought up from the lower river by the Belgians, and placed there in the forest to mark the way, and to provide portage for any who might go in that direction, and amongst these settlers I discovered a man who understood the trade language of Africa, called Kiswahili, known to myself, and who also could speak the language of the Pygmies. I conversed with my little friend as to the size of their forest home, their customs, their numbers, &c., and all my questions he answered quite intelligently, thus showing, that although their habits of life are of a very low order, yet they have not lost human intelligence, and are not beyond reform.

It is my belief that these little people once lived in open country far away from the nocturnal shades of the forest, but were eventually driven into seclusion by the slave hunters of the past, and here at any rate they are unmolested.

I did all in my power to get them into an open space in the forest where there would be light enough to take a snapshot of the group, but as soon as they saw my camera it was apparent that this was an impossibility. However, as they all stood about, some hiding their faces in their hands and others crouching behind their bolder companions, I hastily touched the trigger of my camera for a snapshot. Alas! the shade was too great, and the plate is a blank. I learned also that for the whole of the six days in the forest I had been watched day and night by these little folk. Whether their idea was to rob me of my possessions as Mr. Stanley was robbed, or whether they were merely watching my actions, I cannot say. I only know that they gave me no trouble whatsoever, but were most kind, providing me and my caravan with fresh meat, such as forest antelope or wild pig.

They assured me when I parted from them that they would see me again, although I should be in ignorance of the fact. I afterwards met the same band of little people some six or eight days further on. They had followed me as they had said, and seemed delighted when I told them that I had been unable to see anything of them during that time.

Only once did I see a real Pygmy encampment. This was in the densest part of the forest, where there almost seemed to reign

perpetual night. It consisted of a few low huts thatched with leaves from the trees, between 3 feet and 4 feet high, a very rough sort of shelter from Africa's tropical storms. I passed in perfect safety right through the very heart of their domains, and no African tribe could have been more friendly than the Pygmies were to me.

Mr. Albert B. Lloyd, the author of the above article, whose interesting journey is attracting so much attention, is a young Englishman about thirty years of age, who first went to Uganda for the Church Missionary Society. For nearly two years he was in charge of one of their stations in the Province of Toru in that portion of the Uganda Protectorate nearest to the borders of the Congo Free State. He decided on the occasion of his return home to travel by the much longer route via the Congo to the West Coast. How successfully he accomplished this is recorded in his article. During his stay in Uganda he went through the recent Soudanese War. Mr. Lloyd belongs to a well-known and much respected Leicester family. A sister of his, who was a missionary in China, only succeeded in escaping with her life from the Celestial Empire to meet her death by drowning in the loss of the steamship *Aden*. Our portrait is from a photograph by Sydney St. George, Islington.

Madame Patti's Marriage

On Wednesday of this week, at Brecon, Madame Patti became the Baroness von Cederström. Madame Patti, who was born in Madrid in 1843 of Italian Parents, spent her early life in the United



BARON CEDERSTRÖM

States, but is now a naturalised British subject. She married in 1868 the Marquis Henry de Caux, Equerry to Napoleon III. In 1886 she married Signor Nicolini, who died a few years ago. Baron Rolfe Cederström was born in 1870, and is the eldest son of the late Baron Cläes Erdad Cederström, a lieutenant of the Swedish Life Guards, whom married, in 1867, Baroness Martin Leijonhufvud. He is an instructor in health gymnastics, and is director of his own Health Gymnastic Institute in London. According to arrangements made in advance, the wedding breakfast was to be eaten in the train, the Prince of Wales having allowed the use by the marriage party of his new sa'oon carriage. Marriages between opera singers and members of the foreign nobility are by no means uncommon. In the old days, indeed, singers married into the British aristocracy, and far away into the beginning of the last century Miss Fenton, the first representative of Polly Peachum at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, sealed her triumph by becoming Duchess of Bolton. In our own days, however, plenty of opera singers have married foreign noblemen. Madame Patti herself did so some years ago when she became the wife of the Marquis de Caux. Balfe's daughter



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MADAME ADELINA PATTI

Victoire, who in her day was a celebrated opera singer, became, after the dissolution of her marriage with Sir John Crampton, Duchess de Frias, her husband being a member of the old Spanish nobility. Madame Christine Nilsson, Patti's once great rival, is also now the Countess Casa di Miranda.—Our portraits of Madame Patti and Baron Cederström are by A. Esme Collings, Bond Street.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

NOTWITHSTANDING the alarms of war, and the croaking of the pessimist, the Riviera is now filling rapidly. Most of the hotels are full, and the trains are sometimes crammed to overflowing. The French official loves to pen up human beings like animals. So long as there is a spare place, even though the space be occupied by bags or wraps, it must be filled up at once, and panting passengers compelled to travel for hours in the most confined space. The French people bear all the inconvenience of travel without a murmur; they only mop their faces and groan, but English travellers complain when, as is the case now, they pay an immense price for the places in the *lit-salon* and are put off with inferior seats in a *coupe-lit*. This is the latest fad of the French company, who coin money to a greater extent than any other company, and are proportionately meaner. It behoves any delicate person, to whom a comfortable journey is an object, and who is prepared to pay the price, to see that they get the real article and are not put off with inferior accommodation.

With regard to the rudeness of the French nation towards the travelling English, of which we have heard so much, the hotel-keepers naturally do not give way to the prejudice, nor do the officials who expect fees, nor the well-educated ladies and gentlemen. But among the uneducated and the *bourgeois* class there is a distinct and unfriendly feeling openly manifested. An instance of this occurred to a friend of mine who, when stepping into a carriage where the porter had already placed her bag, was rudely pushed aside by a burly Frenchman, on the plea that she was English. Such little trifles show the way the wind blows; but, I venture to hope, that had the Fashoda incident terminated less favourably for us, an Englishman would not have insulted a lady travelling in his own country simply because she was French.

This month has been rendered a perfect nuisance in the shops by the presence of sales. Agreeable as it may be occasionally to pick up a bargain, yet every right-minded woman should rebel against the mass of tumbled, shabby rubbish that crowds the shops for a month twice a year. Things are palmed off on the unwary as the latest fashion which are hopelessly out of date, while people are persuaded to buy winter things in spring and summer things in autumn, which can never be of the smallest use to them again. The wise woman should sternly set her face against sales, except for remnants of silk, black or coloured, linen, and stockings or gloves, where the changes of fashion are less felt. Besides, it is scarcely a pleasant or wholesome idea to buy dresses or cloaks that have been tried on incessantly, and tossed to and fro by assistants during many months. Such garments should rather repel than attract the refined customer. As it is, the shopkeeper profits and gets rid at a fair value of all his useless trash, notwithstanding his persuasive assertion that the goods are going at a frightful sacrifice.

It seems to me that the present system of education is spoiling children in an unforeseen way. It is destroying their individuality. To most mothers, the mistakes, the impromptu renderings, the clever misplacements and "derangements of epitaphs" of a child learning to speak afforded infinite delight. The veriest dunce has his moments of triumph, his ephemeral success. But now that speech is chained from the beginning, and that mere babes speak and write grammatically, where is there any hope for individual intelligence? The coining of words, the little language, delighted even a genius like Swift. Robert Louis Stevenson, I am pleased to find, suffered struggles to the very last with his spelling, and could scarcely be persuaded to spell the name of his own profession rightly. When the children have all been ground out into little machines, when they have become prigs, and worse prigs than their elders, where is the laughter of the grown-ups to come from? Shall we, too, forget to smile? Already Lewis Carroll's delightful tales are said to please the elder rather than the younger folk; and who will give us back the simplicity, the delicious naive freshness of remark of the children of old days, who thought, invented, and observed for themselves with a robustness of imagination unsurpassed by any adult genius? The little boy who, having heard the word "saved" applied to jam and sugar-plums, asked his mother to save him; the little girl who replied in answer to a summons to help, "I am quite at your ease;" the child who transposed her syllables, and talked of stand-work, sweeping-crosser, sewing-chamine; or that other, who invariably said "Lift I up and let I see it not raining," or replied to the question, "How are you?" "I are well," must all disappear in the near future, and our nurseries become as dull as the drawing-room.

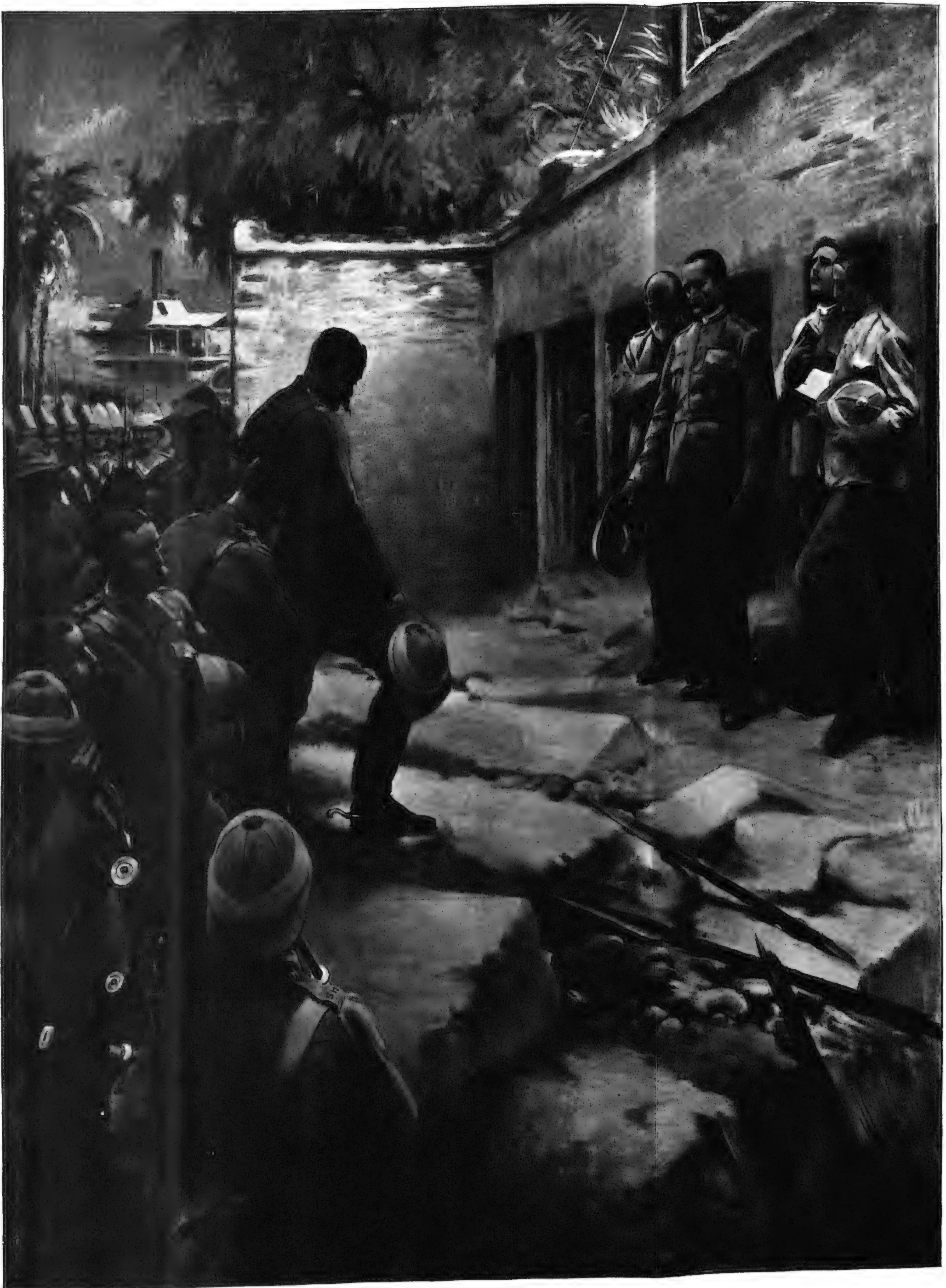
Celery is well known to be excellent for rheumatism; so are tomatoes, potatoes, and cabbages for the general health. But with all our fine market-gardens and our wealth of grass and green-stuff, how abominably do our cooks mangle and abuse these delicious foods. A half-drenched, half-boiled piece of cabbage or dish of Brussels sprouts is about as nasty and tasteless a morsel as can well be conceived. Every Irish or Scotch peasant can boil a potato. Of how many professed cooks and kitchenmaids can one say the same? A friend of mine who kept a French *chef* also kept a Scotch peasant woman purely to boil his potatoes otherwise left to the tender mercies of the English scullery-maid. Vegetarianism, with all its advantages of cheapness and nutrition, will never make way in England till we learn to cook our vegetables. The stomach revolts before the hard, watery mess cycled boiled potatoes in most houses, or the cloying, stodgy portion which does duty as mashed potatoes. No wonder doctors forbid their patients to eat potatoes as a rule. Yet a large flowery potato beautifully baked, with a piece of butter reposing in the middle, *perdre au chou*, or the common cabbage and bacon as cooked in France, are dishes for a king. If the national schools would teach a few of these dishes in their cookery classes, I fancy vegetarianism might have a chance.



FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY ALBERT B. LLOYD

“On the sixth day of our march through the forest we encountered the wonderful pygmies. They came shyly creeping into my camp that evening, as I sat before the tent door reclining, seeing their little sparkling eyes moving constantly from one to another of my caravan. None of them was over four feet in height, and yet all were very powerfully built, and very hairy; most of the darker ones had long hair. A few of the lighter ones had shorter hair. The men each carried tiny bows and arrows, or shot throwing spears, both of which they can use with great effect. Altogether I think no type of human being could be more in keeping with this intensely weird place than these hambuti, or otherwise called pygmies.”

IN DARKEST AFRICA: MR. LLOYD RECEIVING VISITORS IN HIS CAMP IN THE GREAT PYGMY FOREST



The principal event of the impressive Memorial Service held after the battle of Omdurman on the spot where Gordon met his death, occurred when, in a profound silence, broken only by the solemn minute guns, four chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist—came slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their backs to the palace, just before the Sirdar. The Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm. The Anglican led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, read a memorial prayer barchended in the sun. There were those who said the Sirdar himself could hardly speak or see when subsequently General Hunter and the rest stepped out and shook his hand. What wonder! He had trodden this road to Khartoum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last.

IN MEMORY OF GORDON: KILLED JANUARY 26, 1885

FROM THE PAINTING BY LANCE CALKIN, ASSISTED BY "THE GRAPHIC" SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGEL

"THE SHIPBUILDER AND HIS WIFE," BY REMBRANDT
FROM THE PAINTING LENT BY THE QUEEN TO THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"Sketches from Memory"

Mr. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., who has of late lectured with good effect, has just obliged the reading world with a pleasant contribution to the *Memoirs of Artists*. Everyone familiar with the grasp of undoubted humour displayed in many of this artist's pictures—such as "Scandal," the work which secured him Academic honours, "After You," and many similar examples in which the executive part of the painter's craft is quietly enforced by the pleasantness of the humorist—is prepared to discover that Mr. Storey possesses the literary no less than the artistic faculty; a fact that genial gentleman's friends have sufficiently recognised long since. And when an artist, gifted with ready faculty in seizing subjects for pictures which tell a good story with unforced humour, ventures an excursion into the realms of literature, or autobiography, an interesting book is usually the normal result. Like his friend Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., Mr. Storey tells his amusing anecdotes with artistic relish, and, like his earlier friend C. R. Leslie, R.A., he wields a fluent pen, relating his manifold experiences and observations with an artless ease which is attractive in itself. The result is eminently satisfactory, equally from artistic and literary points of view. Indeed the pictorial side leaves nothing to be desired, for the artist-author has liberally embellished his "Sketches from Memory" with close upon a hundred characteristic illustrations. The memory pictures start from early days, as in the instance when, as a child of nine, "little Adolphus" copied "Pickwick" illustrations, and, for the promise shown in these juvenile efforts, was encouraged by Behnès, to try his youthful hand on modelling in the sculptor's studio; by a coincidence, being thus engaged when the "Inimitable Boz" himself came to sit, with all his honours thick upon him, for the bust by Behnès. Art had early attractions for young Storey, and his first instructor in painting presented him with a miniature silver palette as a school prize, in encouragement of these promises of artistic faculties of good augury for future success. Then we find him at the educational establishment of Professor Morand in Paris, and while there, as this happened in 1848, he had the opportunity of studying as an eye-witness those pictorial aspects of the Revolution which caused much destruction and cost "The Citizen King" Louis Philippe that uneasy throne, which had never been a bed of roses. Young Storey witnessed the wanton destruction which followed the "triumph of the people," and the wrecking of the belongings and contents of the Tuileries, where the pictures were cut into ribbons, and the rich furniture made into bonfires. There, too, he illustrated with chalk on the blackboard the moving incidents of the hour, with political cartoons of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," implying plenty of fighting, shooting, and heads flying off under that benevolent system of regeneration then the fashion in Paris. In quite early times Storey was fortunate in the intimacy of the gentle C. R. Leslie, R.A., at that date Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy; and at the house of this artist and admirable writer on art he made friendships life-long in duration, such as that with George Leslie, R.A., the painter's son; and had numerous other advantageous opportunities, such as meeting people of note, and seeing a good deal of the art-world at large. Miss Leslie's caustic wit afforded him keen enjoyment, such as her references to "Waterloo" Jones, the once well-known painter of battle-pieces, whose alleged resemblance to the Duke of Wellington—of which Jones was notoriously vain—had given rise to several witticisms, like Miss Leslie's pertinent remark that "little Jones" was afraid to venture out on the day of the old Duke's funeral for fear they should bury him in mistake for the great Captain it was the ambition of his life to be mistaken for.

The Landseers have three pleasant chapters to themselves, Sir Edwin, who was a dry humorist, figuring as a *raconteur*. There is a good story of the artist's valet, the "Cerberus" who denied his master's studio when Sir Edwin was busy. "Sir Hedwin was



TOM LANDSEER, THE ENGRAVER
From "Sketches from Memory," by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.

hout," even to Royal callers on those occasions. Travelling to the North with his master, this vigilant servant was over-anxious about the luggage, and kept running up to the guard's van at every stoppage. "What do you want?" said the guard. "How about them luggage?" said Cerberus. "What luggage?" "Why, two trunks as black as hink and marked Hell!" "Marked with what?" "Why, Hell for Landseer, of course!"

A life-like and characteristic portrait study of "Old Tom Landseer," whose appearance recalled that of Sir Edwin, is figured among the writer's illustrations—the engraver was more "full-blown" as to person than his distinguished brother; "his face," says our authority, "was always beaming; it was, if anything, wider than it was long, and the very picture of good nature; his figure, too, was almost as broad as he was tall." Tom, in early days, showed almost equal genius in depicting animals, but was content to make his art subservient to that of the greater luminary, his brother, whose paintings, such as "The Monarch of the Glen," have been marvellously rendered in Tom's spirited engravings. The reader is introduced on friendly terms to people of note, and we go with the artist to Leigh's famous art school in Newman Street, and live over again that hopeful time of probationership, and in good company. Storey's account of his first contribution to the Royal Academy in 1852 is characteristically related, with the reasons why the budding painter left the exhibition without waiting to be congratulated on his success! Then comes the revivifying influence of the art movement inaugurated by young Millais, and the so-called Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, when young Storey aspired to "high things," with the "St. John's Wood Clique," another little art fraternity, which included Calderon, Marks, G. Leslie, Hodgson, Yeames, Wynfield and Storey himself, who has plenty to relate concerning these good companions. The artist's adventures in Spain, which occupy a considerable portion of the book, are realistically told; there "Señor Adolfo" became characteristically at home, painting portraits, studying and copying the masterpieces of the great prototype of painters, Velasquez; at the time, too, when Long, John Philip and Burgess were similarly employed in the Museo at Madrid, where, as the writer discovered, "the grand works by Velasquez are alone worth a pilgrimage to the city in the desert." There are glimpses of social life in Spain, with the romantic touch of Cervantes and Le Sage, peeps under roofs, such as Le Diable Boiteux vouchsafed to Don Cleofas, the artist himself assuming, for the nonce, the character of "Asmodeus," half reveals situations and episodes "to be continued in our next," for our painter-author, though sportively playful, is discretion itself.

Those who would read of the princes of picture dealing, Gambart and the great Agnews; who would enter the precincts of studio life, and even peep at models behind the screen, or become further acquainted with a crowd of clever and accomplished artistic celebrities; or who would be familiarised with the amenities of portrait painting and the humours of sitters, must read Mr. Storey's "Sketches from Memory" for themselves. The book is, indeed, a genial *vade mecum*, and contains many wholesome axioms upon true art, besides vividly realising those trials and delights inseparable from "the profession."

At one time the artist proposed, as a genial task, the illustrating of "Goody" Richardson's once world-famed novels, "Pamela," "Clarissa," "Grandison" and the like, for which feat Mr. Storey's talents and tastes are congenially fitted. The sketch, entitled "Ninety Years Ago," one of our illustrations, was actually produced as a specimen, and it is so encouragingly appropriate in its old-time sentiment that the wonder is certain publishers have not been tempted to offer the artist a commission for the series, in these days when the re-issue of old-fashioned novels which delighted our ancestors has become a successful speciality.

Musical Notes

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON

THE various contracts assigning the ground lease and plant of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, to sixty of the noble and wealthy subscribers were duly signed on Thursday, and on the same day H.R.H. the Prince of Wales officially signified his consent to become one of the syndicate. It was known some time ago that H.R.H. proposed to join the enterprise, in which he has always expressed the greatest interest. It is true it is unusual for the Heir to the Crown to take public part as a shareholder in a limited liability company, but the case of the Opera is quite exceptional, for nobody ever imagined the vain thing of gaining a fortune by such an enterprise, in which the chief considerations must inevitably be of art rather than of financial profit. There is also precedent for the course which His Royal Highness has adopted; for in the days of Handel, George I. took ten 100l. shares in the "Royal Academy of Music," as the Opera House was then called, and nominated the Lord Chamberlain for the time being as Governor. In regard to Covent Garden it has not been found necessary to go beyond the subscribers to the Opera House for the capital required, which includes 110,000l. (plus a private box and two stalls in perpetuity for Mr. Faber); besides a sufficient amount of money to complete the alterations and decorations already started and to provide working capital. The Royal Opera will accordingly be carried on during the coming season on pretty much the same lines as by the older and smaller syndicate formed on the death of Sir Augustus Harris. The novelties have already been selected, namely, the opera *La Princesse D'Auvergne*, by the Flemish composer Jan Blockx, which is now running successfully at Brussels and Nantes; an opera entitled *Lobetanz*, which Herr Mottl is now producing at Carlsruhe, and one of the operas of Carl Goldmark, either the "Homeric" opera entitled *The Prisoner of War* (with Achilles and Briseis as the chief characters), which has recently been produced at Vienna, or if that piece proves unsuccessful, his earlier and more famous opera, *The Queen of Sheba*. Wagner will by no means be entirely abandoned this year, although there is not likely to be more than one cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and that not under the absurd "playing at Bayreuth" conditions of last year. The general repertory will, however, be extended, and we shall, beyond much doubt, hear M. Jean de Reszke in some of the older operas. Madame Calvé and other artists will return, but arrangements have not yet been made for the re-engagement of Madame Melba.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER'S NEW OPERA

Last Sunday Siegfried Wagner's first comic opera, *Der Bärenhäuter*, was produced at Munich, Wagner's widow being present. The music is said to be more or less upon Wagnerian lines, and also to show the influence of Siegfried Wagner's teacher, Humperdinck. The chief personage is the devil, who captivates a young officer and metamorphoses him into a hunchback, a condemnation from which he is ultimately saved by the pure love of a young girl. We are to hear portions of the music at Queen's Hall in the course of the season.

OPERA IN LONDON

The Carl Rosa Company on Friday in this week announced an English version of *Die Meistersinger* as an addition to their London repertory, which, down to date, has mainly consisted of well-known, not to say hackneyed, operas. Last week the only production was that well-worn work, *Maritana*, with a by no means strong cast. Next week, however, we are promised *Tristan*, which has not yet been heard in English in London.

A scheme put forward by the Concorde Concert Control for a so-called "permanent" opera cannot profitably be discussed until further details are to hand. For example, no theatre or company seems yet to have been secured, although an appeal is made to opera composers "of all nationalities" to send in their manuscripts to this agency, curiously enough, in pianoforte score only.



A SKETCH, SUGGESTED ILLUSTRATION FOR A PAGE OF
RICHARDSON'S NOVELS NINETY YEARS AGO
From "Sketches from Memory," by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.



LAVINIA
From "Sketches from Memory," by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.

THE HOLY ISLES OF RUSSIA

By A. MONTEFIORE BRICE



QUADRANGLE, SOLOVETSKI MONASTERY

ALL countries have their holy places—the “popular resorts” of the religious—but “Holy Russia” excels most nations in the high sanctity of her shrines and their universal popularity. And of all Russian shrines I give the palm to the Holy Isles of Solovetski, in the far White Sea, standing as they do on the threshold of the Arctic regions, frequented as they are by tens of thousands of pious pilgrims, inaccessible as they become when the sea is frozen and they are shut off from the whole world for nine months of the year.

I went to Solovetski by way of Archangel. I went by a steamer, but it was no ordinary *paroched*. For, in the first place, on the after-side of each mast, there was fixed a great painted and gilded ikon, or holy picture. As we sheered off from the quay every one of the three or four hundred pilgrims on board stood up and bared the head; bowing low before the ikons, they recited a prayer for a

good voy. ge. A tall monk, whose beard and hair were very long, led their devotions; and then, the prayer ended, he turned and came aft and mounted the bridge. His high biretta nodded as he shouted some orders; his wide-skirted cassock flapped as he paced the bridge. What did the good man there? Why, he was simply about his business, for he was the captain of the ship!

So it is with all his subordinates—whether you turn to the man at the wheel, to him on the look-out on the fo’c’sle-head, or to the steward in the cabin. They are all monks, and habited as they would be in their cells. The ship is everywhere manned by monks. Everywhere, too, are the ikons. From all the corners of the saloon—where the “first-class” pilgrims are already making up their minds and disposing their persons to be ill—there glitters an ikon in the light of a small red lamp; and in the cabins—yes, over each berth—there are more ikons, bright, tawdry, devotional pictures, overlaid with gilt mounts and set in brass frames. Truly is this the ship from the monastery!

We left Archangel in the afternoon. There passed an unquiet night; the groaning of the crowd of pilgrims, who lay on the deck as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, told us we were in the dread White Sea; and then there broke a bright morning to guide us into the rocky bay of Solovetski. The pilgrims lined the bulwarks to catch the first view of the monastery, and when we rounded the near headland they sent up a mighty shout of fervid piety. They did well, for it was no common sight.

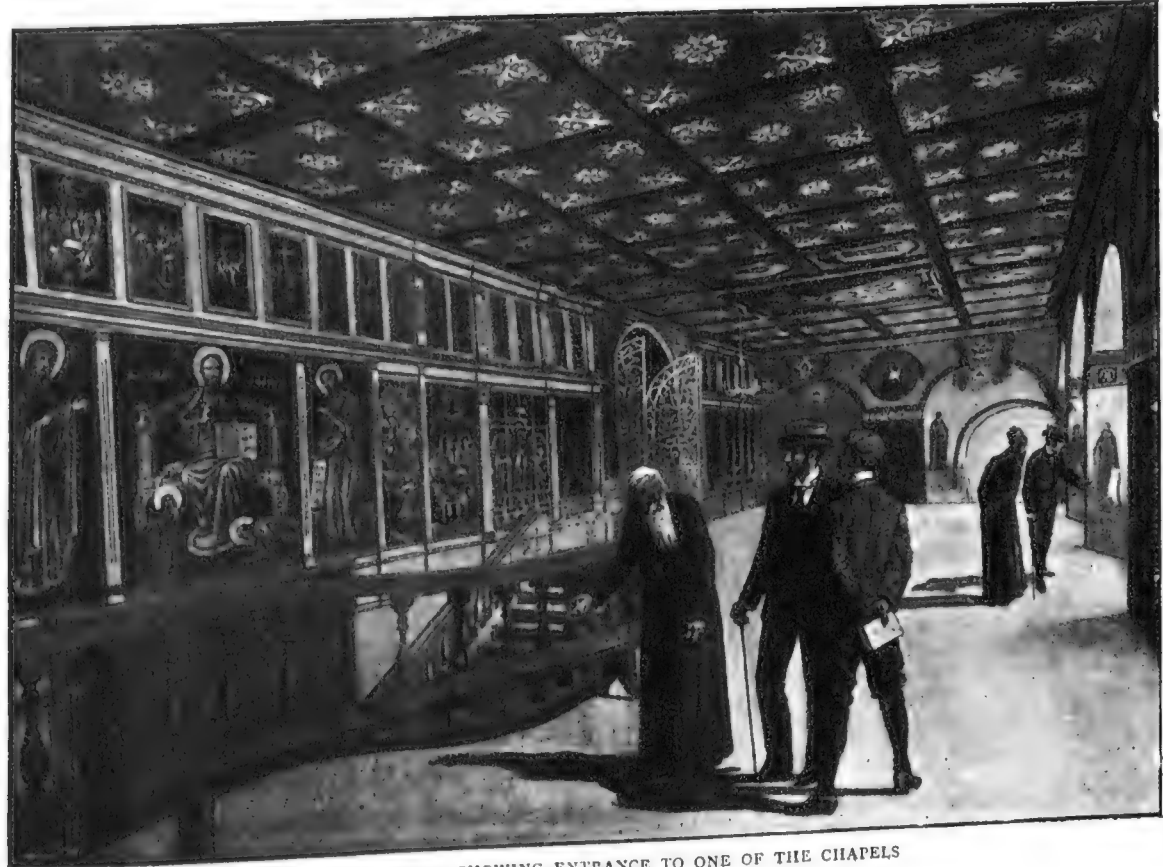
A blue bay, with two green arms of low-lying land curving round it, and behind, on rising ground, there stood the Holy Monastery of Solovetski. The white buildings glared in the morning sun, their bright light scarcely broken by window or arcading. Long green roofs capped the walls, and high above the roofs rose some fifteen towers and spires and bright green cupolas, and the summit of every cupola gleamed fire from its golden cross. But how strange it seemed to be old this sacred place—this shrine of the saints—walled completely round as if it were a fortress. Only then did I realise that the monastery was fortified—fortified by a vast wall no less than forty feet high and twenty feet thick, with towers at the corners rising to sixty feet above the ground—the whole rampart pierced with loopholes. But how greatly it added to the picture! For this wall was built of huge blocks of ruddy stone—great rufous masses of rock, piled with commanding skill one above the other; and the whole group—deep red wall, white buildings, lofty towers, green roofs, and golden crosses—lay mirrored, and almost as rigid as reality, in the calm blue water of the quiet bay.

The landing of the pilgrims is a strange sight. These *bogomoltsi* have travelled long and far to renew their righteousness. They came on board at Archangel, but this was only the latest stage of the journey, for they started—months ago, in many cases—from all parts of the Russian Empire. From Warsaw in the west, nearly 4,000 versts away, have they come; from Astrakhan in the far south; from Irkutsk, 8,000 versts to the eastward, have they travelled; yes, and there are pilgrims here whose home is in Kamschatka, looking out on the Pacific Ocean. It has taken me the best part of a month to steam up the fiords of Norway, round the North Cape, sail along the forbidding Murmansk coast (where Sir Hugh Willoughby was cast away and perished miserably), and by way of Archangel reach Solovetski; but there are pilgrims here with me who have traversed distances four times as great as that which lies between Solovetski and London and who have never for a moment left the great Russian Empire!

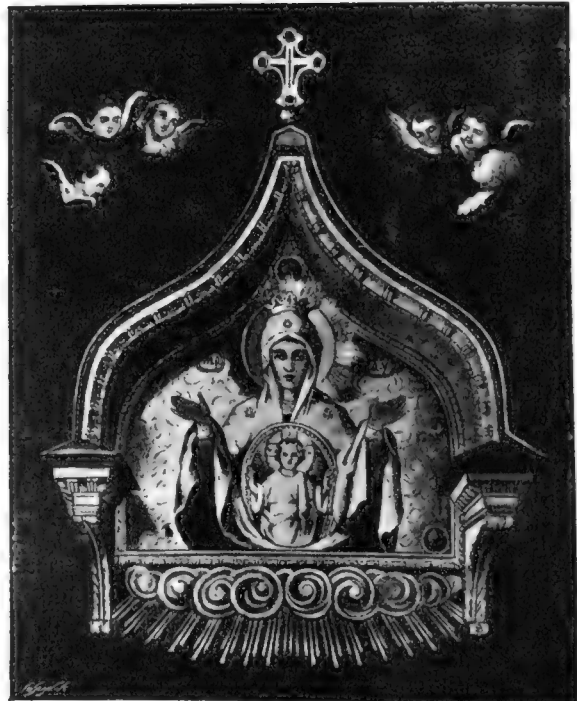
The Solovetski Islands—for there are six, of which the largest is by far the most important—belong entirely to the monks. These islands rise into pine-clad rolling hills, subside into open valleys (spangled with clear, quiet



THE TRAPEZA OR DINING-ROOM OF THE MONKS



MAIN CORRIDOR, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE CHAPELS

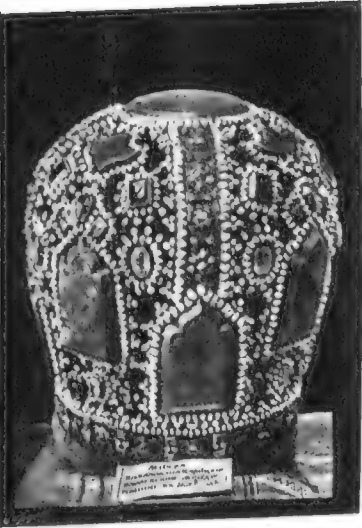


SACRED “IKON” OVER CATHEDRAL DOOR
(The shots are from English cannon, fired in 1854)

THE GRAPHIC

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pine-girt lakes), and are threaded by long white roads ankle-deep in sand. In this northern summer, with its unsettling sun, the profusion of blossom is great; though you drive all day



ABBOT'S MITRE OF RED VELVET, GOLD PLATES, PEARLS, RUBIES, SAPPHIRES, ETC. DATE 1682

of green, where the trees have not been long felled. Every hill is crowned by a church, with its adjoining "cell." At one of the cells the good monk in charge asked us to take tea, and very good *tsai* it was; but he added distinction to the meal by providing, here at the edge of the Arctic world, strawberries, raspberries, and cucumber fresh from his small garden on the sunny slope of the hill! I should add that the only inhabitants of the islands are monks and their labourers—monks in black cassocks and labourers in blue.

Let me get back to these monks and their monastery. "Going to church" means much the same sort of dense standing crowd (alas! how unclear), and prolonged singing of endless *Pomnits*, all over Russia; so I may pass that. But a dinner with the monks, in their own fine refectory, is not so usual an event, and therefore a word or two about this may interest. The Archimandrite (or abbot) having asked us to dinner—for in the guest-house we "find" for ourselves—we entered the huge vaulted dining-room with so great a care to be in time as to have plenty for examining it. The vaulted roof is richly painted with sacred scenes and the walls gleam with ikons. In the centre the vault is supported by a single pillar, but that pillar is exactly forty-two feet round. About this column are drawn the guests' tables; those for the monks run along the walls. After a while the monks enter, and we are given some morsels of blessed bread—evidently to whet the appetite. Then we are shown to our seats, and find that the guests dine in "messes" of four. Each of us has for his own use a large wooden spoon, a pewter soup plate, and a chunk of black bread; but common to the four is the large bowl of *kvas* (flat, sour "small" beer), and common, also, are all the subsequent dishes, which hold slops in plenty but no solid food. Each dips his spoon into the common bowl, and as opposite me there were two hungry expert pilgrims of the better sort, I found that unless my spoon started abreast of theirs I had not the ghost of a chance. Grace was sung by the Archimandrite and some deep-voiced deacons in a little chapel leading out of the refectory; a bell rang, and then there filed out from the kitchen a long procession of serving-lads, clad in blue-linen cassocks, and bearing huge bowls of soup No. 1. This course was *okroshka*. It consisted of boiled salmon—it ought to have been boiled a week before—chopped fine, well mixed with onions, cucumbers, eggs, sour cream and an infusion of the beloved *kvas*. We raced through our bowl of this, the bell rang again, and then came the procession from the kitchen—quite twenty strong—bearing bowls this time of *stchi*—soup No. 2. It was made of sour cabbage, sour cream, salted plaice, much pepper, and more liquor. It was not bad. Again the bell rang, and the third course proved to be soup No. 3—fresh herrings broken up in much curious liquid. Then came the sweets—barley porridge, with melted butter and skimmed milk. They "went" better than the soup, and then, warned by a gesture from a pilgrim, I had just time to take out two spoonfuls of *kvas*, when the bell rang once more. That meant that we had dined, for the old monk who had been reading miracles from a pulpit in

the corner, stopped short and dumb, and we all got up, crossed ourselves, and sat down again. For the last time the bell clanged, and we again got up and moved out from our seats into the broadways of the *trapeza* (dining-room), and grace was sung. Blessed bread was again handed round, and then the Archimandrite, with uplifted hand in attitude of blessing, passed down the crowded hall, amidst bowing monks and kneeling pilgrims, and we prepared to follow him. Yes, we had dined; but, believe me, it was no "square meal."

The monks disperse, but not to idleness. Farm houses, fishing stations, hayfields, and crofts of rye are numerous on the islands, and in the monastery of Solovetski all industries converge. Here I found a leather factory, and excellent leather it made; a weaving factory, a well-equipped smithery and engineer's shop, a *kvas* brewery—and Solovetski *kvas* is famous; the great art school, where there are twenty or thirty monks painting ikons for the churches, chapels, houses, shops, and steamboats of Northern Russia; a great school for the children left on the island—it is the custom of the pilgrims to leave a child with the monks for a year; a meteorological station, with the most modern instruments; carving shops, where crosses, crucifixes, and religious symbols are made in tens of thousands as "relics" for the pilgrims, and so on and so on. No, there is little idleness here.

Yet the wealth of the monastery is great. I should think that in the sacristy and treasury alone there are articles of the value of 200,000*l*. Crosses and cups of solid gold are numerous, and they are encrusted with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. There are literally tons of silver ornaments, also richly gemmed. The precious stones are almost fabulous. On one vestment I calculated there were 5,000 pearls, not to mention emeralds, rubies, and amethysts. The mitres of the Abbots are also very rich. Then there are the ikons—the many chapels are whole galleries of sacred art—and the paintings are overlaid with gold and gems. Even in a small chapel remote from the monastery I noticed an ikon, where much of the painting was overlaid with a solid gold plate, blazing with diamonds and rubies, where the head of the Saviour had a halo composed entirely of diamonds, and over the head of the Virgin Mother a great star of diamonds gleamed blue and white.

Finally, to show what the cell of a monk is like in this far-off monastery, I will describe that of my friend and guide, good Father Vasilii. It was a fair-sized room, divided by a screen into two unequal parts. In the smaller he kept his crockery and washing apparatus; in the larger he lived and slept. The temperature was kept up to 77 deg. Fahr.—so hot that it was uncomfortable. Ikons, of his own painting, hung on the walls. Between the two windows stood the prayer-desk, the books lying on it being carefully covered with a linen cloth. Upon a shelf in each window stood pots of roses and pelargoniums. A tall drapery, standing in a pot on the



SOLOVETSKI AND ITS HARBOUR

floor, nearly touched the ceiling. On a table near the windows lay an aneroid barometer, some books and writing materials. On the top of a chest of drawers stood a mirror in an elaborately carved frame—the handiwork of the good monk himself. Three chairs and a straight short sofa, which also served as a bed, completed the furniture of the room. For such cheerfulness and taste one was not prepared. No fanatic lived here: it was clearly the study of a devout scholar.

Is Solovetski attractive—has it a great compelling charm? Ask Father Vasilii, this pleasant, able, cultured, kindly Russian gentleman. He came here from Southern Russia on the ordinary pilgrim's visit of three or four days. That was thirteen years ago, and he has remained here ever since!

Here, then, surely, peace and unbroken quietness must dwell? Well, not always. That great red wall—nearly a mile round—was built to keep out the Swedes some three centuries since. Rather more than 200 years ago, the monastery again suffered siege—this time by a Russian army, the monks having become unorthodox and rebels. And in 1854, in the summer month of July, two English ships bombarded it, but with no great effect. Sir Erasmus Ommanney—now our most aged Admiral and the "father" of living Arctic explorers—was induced to bring the guns of his "White Sea Squadron" to bear on the place by the discharge of artillery from the Solovetski walls. And to-day you may see great black discs painted on tower and wall and roof, and wherever the English shot struck. A pile of English ball stands in the bell-house in the quadrangle, amidst lilac bushes and mountain-ashes; and in the great ikon of the Mother and Child—copy of the famous "Our Lady of Kazan"—which is over the Cathedral door, there still rest the sacrilegious shot. The monks attribute their immunity, not to Sir Erasmus Ommanney's unwillingness to destroy, but to the direct intervention of the Virgin Mother, and no pilgrim leaves Solovetski without a highly coloured print depicting the English ships shelling the monastery and the miraculous appearance of the Virgin in the sky above, causing the shot to fall where the least harm would follow.

And here, where the modern and mediæval meet, one may pause; for it is just this sense of contact with contrast which makes the Holy Isles of Russia so attractive to us of to-day—places of such unique and ancient charm.

THE eighty-fifth number of "Lean's Royal Navy List," which is just published, completes the twenty-first year of this useful work's existence. As usual it is brought well up to date, and the appointments and promotions gazetted in December are all noticed.

Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries*

Few books of travel have given us greater pleasure than this description of the two expeditions made by Captain Webster to the islands of the South Pacific. Few parts of the world are more fascinating to general readers, to entomologists, and other students of natural history. The natives of these islands are as uncivilised, as treacherous, as cannibal, in fact as interesting as they were a hundred and twenty years ago, when Captain Cook was, as so many peaceable traders have been since, murderously stricken down from behind.

Captain Webster, accompanied by Captain Cotton, left London in August, 1894, for Johore, where the Sultan received him as a guest, and entertained him in a most hospitable manner. During his stay the Crown Prince was married, and the ceremony was of the most gorgeous nature, and took altogether three weeks to accomplish. The most important part of a Malay Royal wedding is the public bath of the happy pair, at which event the bride makes her first public appearance, and at which all the guests have to receive a shower bath, willy-nilly.

This bath resembles somewhat a monument, the summit of which is reached by a short, steep steps, upon which the Royal retinue of women were seated. At the top, and surmounted by a gilded dome, a fountain in such a way manipulated as to throw water over the whole structure from top to bottom, so that when the Prince and his bride arrived beneath the dome, water, which had been laid on from a reservoir some two miles distant, was suddenly started, and the whole assembly drenched to the skin.

A week later another wedding took place, that of the Sultan's nephew. This ceremony was less gorgeous than the first, only lasting three days, but it was evidently the occasion of a great deal of fun and romping.

After the High Priest had pronounced his Benediction, the bridegroom was led behind a screen at the end of the room, and there, before twenty girls, whom I perceived squatting on the floor, changed his dress to one literally ablaze with gold and diamonds, from the wonderful ornament on his head to the bejewelled slippers on his feet. After having received our individual congratulations, he repaired to the Istana Zahrah, where we followed him and found all the doors barred and zealously guarded by the ladies of the harem, as according to Malay custom a tax is levied before the bridegroom can gain admission to his bride. We were all, therefore, invited to help pay the tax, and many were the dollars, gold pieces and notes thrown over the door to the eager siens within. But this means the door after door was opened to us; one door only remained, but, alas! the fund of the whole company had become entirely exhausted, the only remaining coin that could be found being a bad dollar, which had been palmed off on me by a wily Chinaman the day before; however, it answered well enough, and the remaining door was passed, but we found that a more exciting part of the programme was yet to come.

At the top of the stairs stood the bride, but between her and the attacking male party were at least a hundred ladies. Through these we had to force our way, and eventually, very hot and exhausted, we reached the bride and handed her over to the bridegroom, who was placed upon a magnificently gilded couch to again receive the congratulations of his guests.

At Johore Captain Webster narrowly escaped becoming notorious as a drinker of champagne. He says:—

One evening, when dining alone with the Admiral of the Sultan's fleet, otherwise the Marine Superintendent, in the Palace, I was surprised to hear the butler opening so many bottles of champagne. After three corks had flown I said, "Surely the man's off his head; what on earth is he opening so many for?"

On being interrogated, he said he was only doing it for my sake, as the Tuan Ingris (English gentleman) was very fond of champagne. I asked him in Malay what he meant by such a statement. "Well," he said, "all I know is that your native servant comes down at least ten times a day for a bottle of champagne for his master."

I need hardly say I had never sent for nor received any at all. This had been going on for days, and my scoundrel of a boy must have made a good thing selling what he could not drink. I had at least the consolation of knowing that he had a little real pain as well, as his head must have been sore for a week.

After two enjoyable months spent at Johore, the travellers took the steamer to Batavia, en route to New Guinea. Here about a hundred and fifty Javanese coolies of both sexes were embarked to be taken to the New Guinea Company's tobacco plantations. These unfortunate creatures were treated in a most brutal manner by a bully of a Dutch Government agent, until the author took it upon himself to protect them:—

Immediately the vessel left the port, the Chinese contractor who had come over from New Guinea exclusively to engage the labourers, proceeded to open a gambling saloon between decks on his own account, a thing himself as banker. By this means the thirty dollars which each coolie had received as an advance of wages was speedily transferred to his pockets. This appeared to be a customary proceeding, but I hope long before this the authorities have suppressed the practice.

I was told on most reliable authority that the coolies on certain plantations in Netherlands India, on receiving their annual wages, invariably gamble with the planter himself, who on these occasions always acts as banker. The result in these instances being the same that came to pass on board the *Luce*.

New Guinea appears to be the happy hunting ground of entomologists and of ornithologists, and Captain Webster, a most enthusiastic collector, made a valuable collection of rare specimens. Soon after his arrival in the island, he says:—

One of my earliest captures was a magnificent specimen of the *Ornioptera Paradisa*, of which only one specimen had before reached Europe, and I felt that it was worth the whole of my journey to New Guinea to see the truly superb insect lying glistening in my hand.

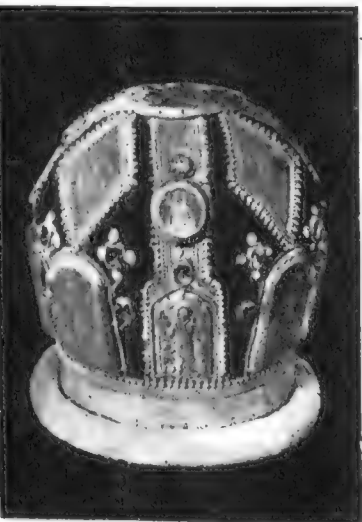
In March, '94 the two Englishmen made an expedition to the interior. They found the natives extremely shy, but they were usually willing to barter any of their possessions for red paint. The natives, he says, are true Papuans, and he noticed that, throughout the whole of the country, a strong Hebrew type running through their features. The men are finely built, but the women are shorter in stature, and, if possible, more hideous.

Notwithstanding the use of betel-nut, they all smoke tobacco, which had been introduced into the country by Europeans, and I have on more than one occasion observed a mere infant remove the pipe from his mouth to refresh himself from the natural food produced by his mother. I have also seen a woman nourishing her child and a small pig at the same time, carrying one under each arm, appearing to be more anxious for the welfare of the latter in consequence of its greater market value.

One valuable discovery made during this expedition was that a chain of mountains, marked in the chart as situated in latitude 6 deg. 10 min., longitude 145-30 E., and named the Bismark mountains, is non-existent. The author says:—

I presume the mistake was caused by someone who, ascending the coasting range in German New Guinea, situated some few miles from the coast, observing

* "Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries." By H. Cayley-Webster (Fisher Unwin.)



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when the bell rang once more. That meant that we had dined, for the old monk who had been reading miracles from a pulpit in

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some high range in the interior, returned with the news that such a range existed and proudly named it after the late ex-Chancellor, when in all probability they were gazing at the Albert Victor range in British New Guinea.

On their return from the interior of New Guinea, the party sailed to the Island of New Britain. Here they were entertained by a half-caste Samoan lady, Mrs. Kolbe, the owner of large estates, who, with her sister, has resided on the island for over forty years.

The houses on the estate are beautifully situated above the shores of the bay, and are most picturesque edifices, furnished throughout with beautiful taste, and one can almost imagine one's self inside a country residence of Western civilization rather than in the wilds of a cannibal country—for the natives here may be classed as amongst the most ferocious cannibals of the South Pacific. Within a mile or two of Ralum (the name of the estate) one may find even to-day chiefs who keep slaves for the purpose of food, and who are in the habit of killing them every few days to satisfy their diabolical tastes. Not only do they do this, but they boast of it, and I have had these people come and tell me how they have enjoyed their feast on the previous evening, which had been some portion of a human being.

The reason these ladies had lived so long in safety is accounted for by the bravery they showed on the following occasion:—

Some few years ago, these ladies with whom we stayed, and whose houses are but a few minutes' distance from one another, during the absence of the manager, were approached by some three or four hundred natives from the interior, half the number surrounding one house and the rest the other. They swarmed on to the verandahs, armed with spears, bows and arrows, and tomahawks, their intention being to carry each lady off into the bush, for what purpose I leave to the imagination of my readers. Mrs. Parkinson managed to send back by a boy a message to her sister stating that she intended to hold out to the last, and exhorting her to do likewise. Fortunately, each of these women was without fear, hence their ultimate safety. Supported by three or four house-boys Mrs. Parkinson boldly stepped forward, and speaking to the ringleaders informed them that she would shoot the first man who took one step in her direction. On a movement being made she fired, killing the two foremost of the party. Thereupon the others turned and ignominiously fled, and the people of the other house hearing shots did likewise.

Mrs. Parkinson to-day could walk through the whole country unarmed and unattended, for that occurrence apparently inspired such respect that the natives for many miles round worship the very ground she walks upon.

Captain Webster visited many other islands during his first voyage, and in each one there is the same story of treachery and murder, and in every case is the victim struck down from behind. He says:—

These natives are not only head-hunters and cannibals, but make no secret of it whatever. They are the most treacherous of all the people of the South Seas, and when apparently on the most friendly terms are only awaiting a favourable opportunity to catch the stranger unawares, and to add one more

head to their already huge collection. I may say that during the whole of my visit I hardly ever had my revolver out of my hand.

In August, 1894, the travellers brought their first expedition to a conclusion, having collected some 16,000 specimens of lepidoptera, and a great many ornithological specimens and coleoptera.

In the autumn of 1895, Captain Webster started for his second and more lengthy expedition, making straight for Batavia, the chief port of Java, where he hoped to engage some Malays to take

what I took to be a lion. Underneath is an inscription which states that this monument was "erected in memory of the battle of Waterloo, won by the Dutch, June 18, 1815." Brave Hollanders!!!

Captain Webster had ordered a sailing yacht to be sent out to meet him at the Island of Kei, so leaving Java he travelled to that place, visiting one or two other islands on his journey. At Macassar,

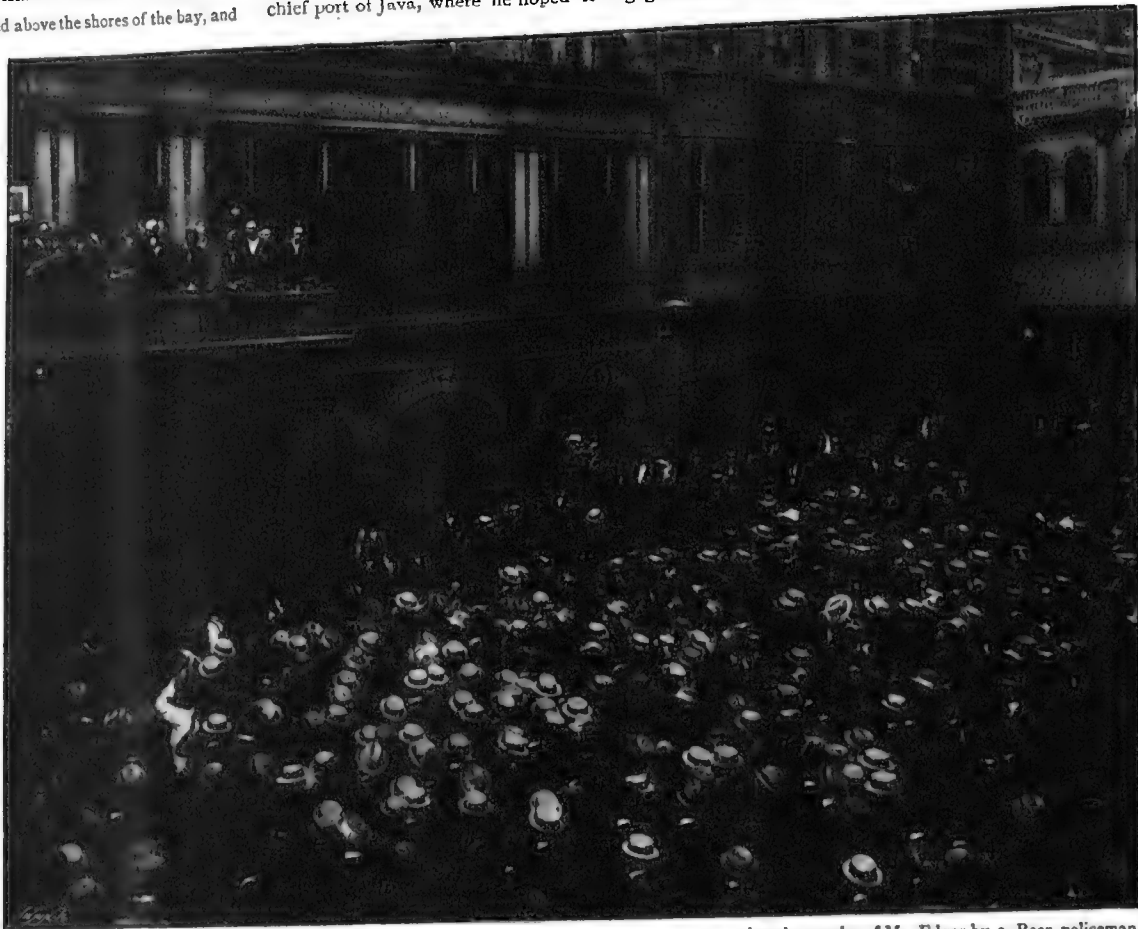
one morning, two native young men, of about the age of twenty-five, and brothers, called upon me, hearing that I was desirous of engaging some hunters willing to go, and I could choose which one I liked best, but they would not both be able to do so. Being willing to engage both, I asked them the reason for only one wishing to accompany me. They then said they were very sorry, but as they only had one wife between them, one, it did not at all matter which, would have to stay behind to look after her. After a good deal of conversation I deemed it advisable not to engage either, fearing that after we had gone the pangs of jealousy might enter into the soul of the one I had with me, when he might desert me to return to the matrimonial and paternal couch.

Whilst awaiting the arrival of his yacht, Captain Webster was busy adding to his collection of specimens. He also amused himself by giving a conjuring entertainment to the natives of Toel. He says:—

Seeing these simple people were so superstitious, I got as many as possible together in the village one evening and showed them a few sleight-of-hand tricks, an accomplishment I had possessed in a very modest way for many years, and one I had found very useful to me throughout my travels in the South Seas. Their wonder at seeing a dead chicken placed in a hat and lay two fine eggs before their eyes, and the few other manipulations with native money, &c., I showed them, was unbounded, and when at last I told them in Malay, that I was now about to turn all the men into women and *vice versa* they all disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and it was with great difficulty I could persuade them to return. One old man followed me wherever I went for some days until at last I stopped and asked him what it was he wanted, and then, with a great many tears he told me his daughter had been married for ten years, but was not blessed with children, and that if I would only come and place a covering over her, as I had done to the dead chicken in the hat, he was confident I could produce her heart's desire.

Here was a fix. What was I to do to keep up my reputation?

Thinking for a moment, I told him that it was evidently Allah's will that children had been born to her, and that as it was my greatest desire to please him I could not possibly attempt to go against his wishes. This entirely satisfied him, as he went off and I never saw him again.



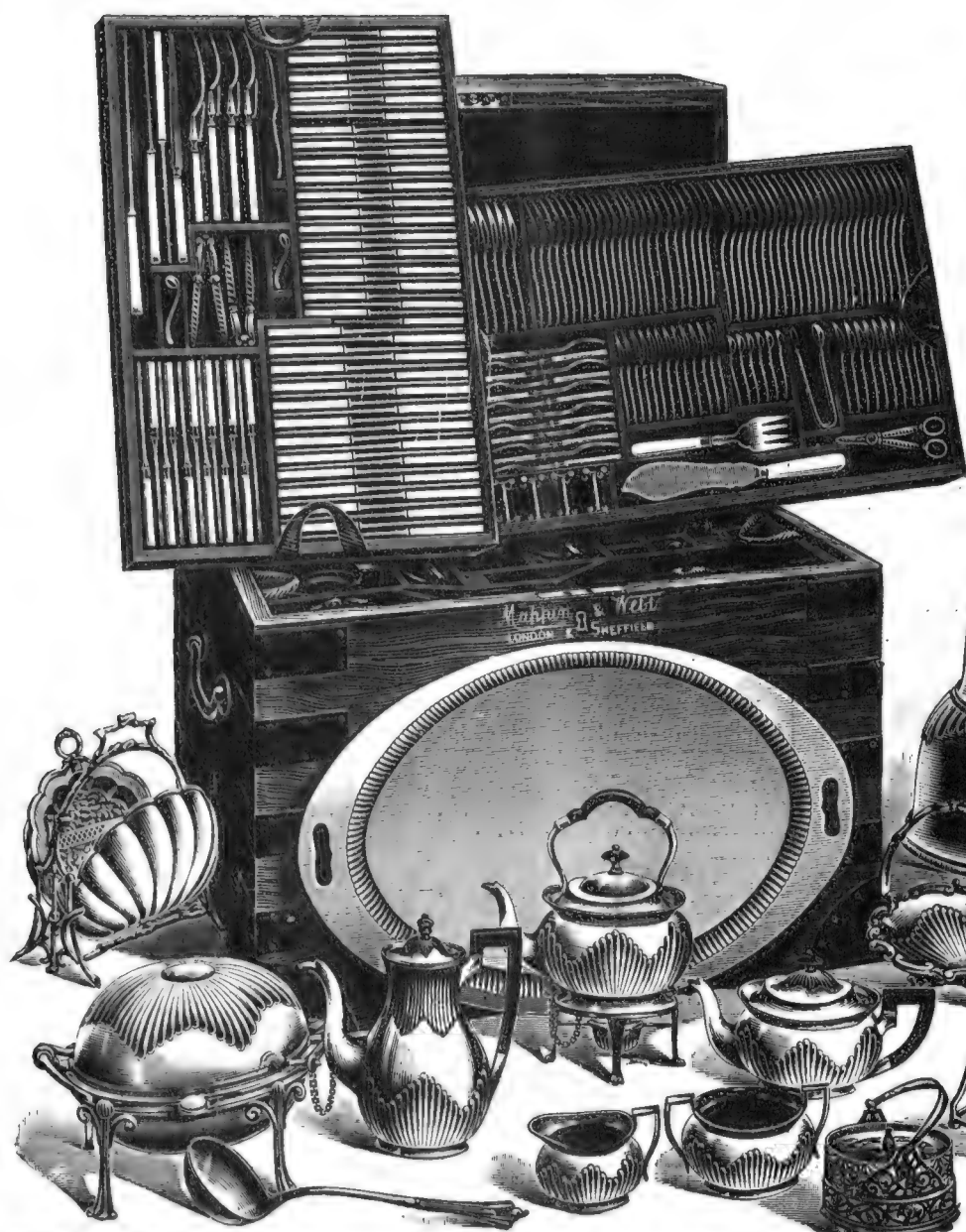
On Christmas Eve a demonstration was held by British subjects in Johannesburg to protest against the murder of Mr. Edgar by a Boer policeman, and the Social disabilities, of which the Outlanders have had to complain for so long. A strongly worded petition to the Queen was drawn up, setting out the facts of the case, and praying Her Majesty to instruct her representative to take measures to ensure the due punishment of the police, to secure from the Transvaal Government provision for Mrs. Edgar, and to take steps to terminate the present intolerable state of affairs. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by F. Rowlands, represents the scene outside the Vice-Consulate while the petition was being read by Mr. T. R. Dodd to Mr. J. E. Evans, the Vice-Consul.

OUTLANDERS IN JOHANNESBURG: THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE BRITISH VICE-CONSULATE DURING THE READING OF A PETITION TO THE QUEEN

on with him. A mile or two from the port, there is a part of Batavia called "Welterveden," which is described as unquestionably the finest of all Indian towns. The buildings are all very fine, and include an opera house and two clubs, and are lit by electricity.

In the centre of the Waterloo Plain and facing the whole line of Cavalry Barracks, not at all unlike those of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, towers a massive monument, on the top of which is an absurdly small figure representing

Besides the danger of being disposed of by cannibals, Captain Webster ran many risks in his expeditions—shipwreck, fever, snake bites, all came within his ken. From the first page to the last there is not one that the most callous of readers will care to skip. The volume is illustrated by photographs taken by the author, and a map enables the reader to follow the explorer from island to island.



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the cottagers. The consequence is that the beautiful and fascinating actress, who has won Christopher's heart during a visit to the neighbourhood, falls a victim to typhoid fever, and dies, leaving a legacy of life-long remorse to her lover. There is plenty of subordinate matter, which is not the less interesting for being mostly wholly irrelevant to the plot; and the same may be said of nearly all the characters. The novel is quite amusing until the tragedy enters, and not long enough for the latter to prove too prolonged a trial. The gradual opening of the young farmer's hitherto unconscious eyes, under the influence of first love, to the beauties of his own country home, is rendered very charmingly indeed.

"THE STORY OF PHIL ENDERBY"

A sudden loss of memory, with its equally sudden recovery, has often formed the basis of a novel. "The Story of Phil Enderby" (James Bowden), from the prolific pen of Miss Adeline Sergeant, is based upon this favourite, but apparently not yet threadbare, phenomenon. At the same time we cannot congratulate the authoress upon having made the best of it. So far as we can see, Phil Enderby, who lost the whole of his life up to the age of eight—which could scarcely have been much—might have grown up to be a successful painter, and married his pretty cousin in any case, even if the period of his infancy had remained a blank for ever. The novel is really nothing more than a little psychological anecdote, skilfully expanded. It is pleasant reading.

"THE HOSPITAL SECRET"

The explanation of the title of "The Hospital Secret," by James Compton (John Long), is that a supposed corpse is found, when ready for dissection, to be a living body; that the subject prefers to be reputed dead in order that, under another name, he may exchange the pursuit of science for that of philanthropy; and that the hospital surgeons consent to indulge his caprice by holding their tongues. We have no hesitation in revealing a secret which has neither motive nor consequence. The novel is announced as "likely to make some stir," and as "written by a well-known author who, for various reasons, hides his identity under an assumed name."

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"A STATESMAN'S CHANCE"

Lord Milton and Gravesend, according to Mr. Joseph F. Charles in "A Statesman's Chance" (Archibald Constable and Co.), was the guide, philosopher and friend of Princess Margaret, heiress to



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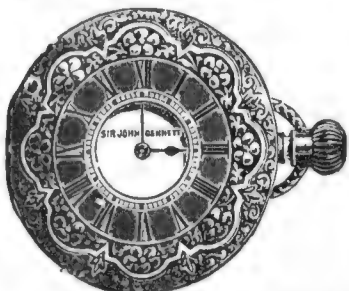
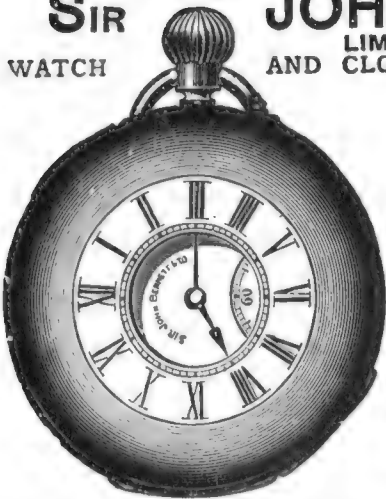
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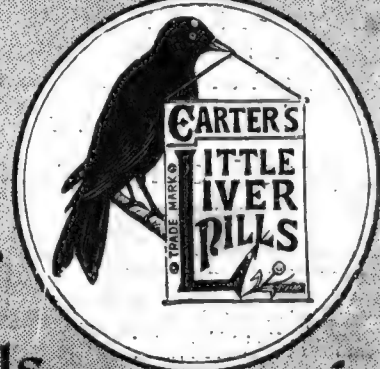
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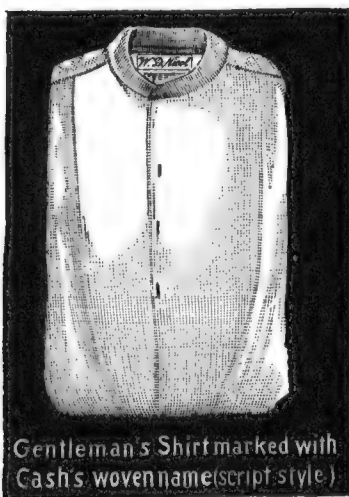
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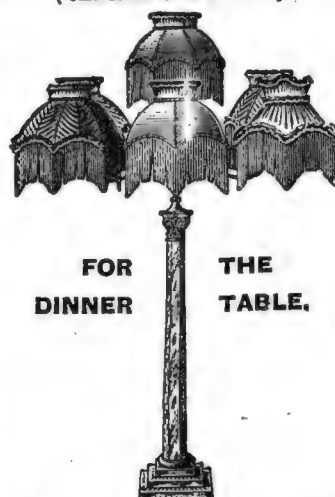
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FOR INFANTS

Before using any other preparation, apply for free sample.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

HIGH winds have been the mark of the best part of January, and it is a long time since our coasts have been visited by such a succession of gales as from the 10th to the 22nd raged with very little break. The effect on seaside places has often been disastrous, but to the country as a whole there is little doubt that these strong westerly currents have been beneficial. Coming to us as they do from three thousand miles of sea, they are free from dust and all organic matter, and they pass across the country from Land's End to the Isle of Thanet in less than a day. The good they do in crowded cities is very great, but they are also very beneficial to country villages, the sanitary arrangements of which are often inferior, and the situation in many instances none too well chosen for a flow of air in ordinary weather. The rainfall, while above the mean, has not been very remarkable; in fact, rapidly moving clouds seldom give us the heavy records in the rain-gauges. The aspect of the growing wheat is satisfactory, grass looks extremely green for the time of year, and the Scillonian flower growers are looking for an extremely early season. The dearth of flowers suggests a Covent Garden "ring" rather than any natural cause. The early snowdrops and crocuses are beginning to show in gardens of the southern counties.

THE EARLY LAMBS

The mild weather of the past three weeks has been very favourable

to the early flocks, and has much reduced the arduousness of the shepherd's care. The Dorset Horned sheep began to lamb before Christmas, and the number of births has exceeded an average. The Hampshire Down sheep did not begin much before January 16, but since then the progress has been rapid, and the farmers have been kept very busy. Deaths both of ewes and lambs have been extremely few, and the mothers are giving milk so well that little special care is called for. The root crops are not at all good in either Dorset or Hampshire, but the pastures lasted out in a wonderful manner, and the cheapness of dry feeding stuffs at the local markets also helps the flock owner. On the whole farmers who "go in for sheep" are in luck this year, and it is to be hoped that the good fortune of the South will be extended to the Midlands, and, later on, to the North.

THE HEALTH OF FARM ANIMALS

The Government report for 1898 is to hand with a rapidity and promptitude that is worthy of recognition. It is not, however, so agreeable reading as we had expected to find it. The past year was extremely healthy for human beings, the death-rate being remarkably low, and zymotic diseases below an average. With respect to animals the mean health of cattle and sheep has been very satisfactory, and the outbreaks of rabies among dogs have fallen from 672 to eighteen. If these three races of animals completed the returns 1898 would have almost a record for health; but the Government report includes five races, not three, and both horses and pigs have had a bad time of it. The trouble among horses has been mainly glanders, and no worse trouble exists. No fewer

than 1,380 horses have succumbed to this deadly complaint, and we regret to learn that London is the worst sufferer of all the big towns. The trouble among pigs is the swine fever, and 43,756 animals have had to be killed. The Government seem almost in despair over this complaint, for their measures have been repressive to an extent which has seriously interfered with the keeping of pigs, and has driven many farmers to give up an enterprise which seemed to involve constant bother and inspection. Yet for all this repression, isolation and general care, the cases have been six per cent. more numerous than in the preceding year.

GRAIN PRICES

The mild winter, with its good supply of green vegetables and its general want of taste for heating food, is exceedingly against the sellers of corn whether for human use in the loaf or for feeding to horses, cattle, and sheep. The price of wheat has now declined to 27s. 11d. against 34s. 11d. last year, and while barley at 27s. 11d. against 27s. 10d., and oats at 17s. 1d. against 17s. 5d. are seen to resist the declining tendency better than wheat, it must be confessed that recent markets have been all against holders whose powers of holding out against thoroughly reactionary exchanges cannot be regarded as invincible. The large supplies of cheap maize on passage from America will be welcomed by many horse owners, as this grain is in great request for feeding to horses, especially in mild winters like the present when oats and beans are regarded as too stimulating and heating except when given in a "ration" with maize.

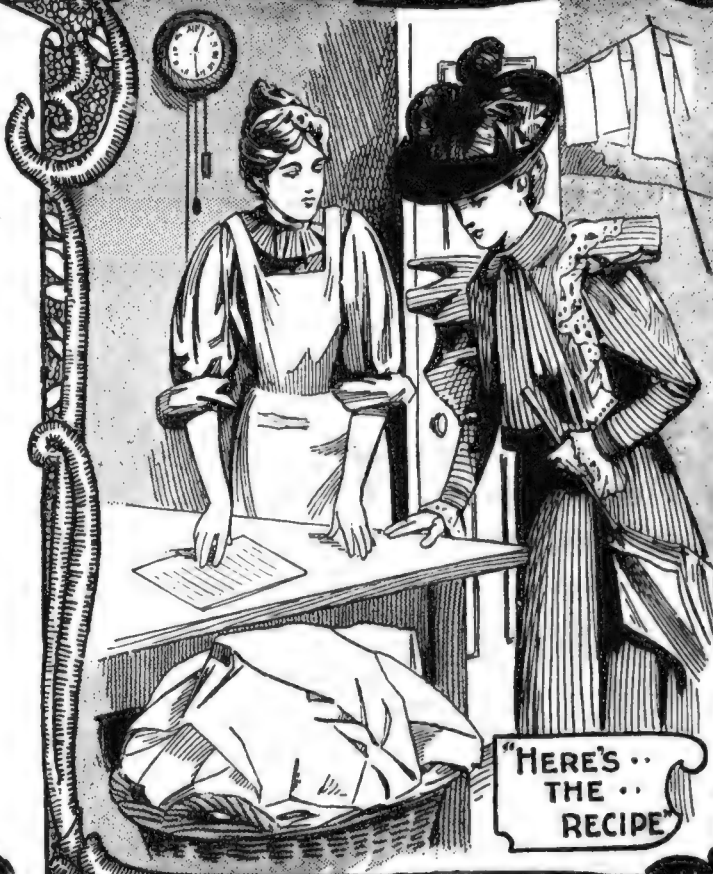
12.30 and Washing Done!

Yes, this is a fact; the **SUNLIGHT WAY** of washing is so quick and easy. Here's the recipe:—

Dip the pieces one by one in luke-warm water, draw out on the washboard and rub **SUNLIGHT SOAP** on lightly, taking care to soap each piece all over. Roll each piece in a tight roll and leave it to soak for about thirty minutes while

SUNLIGHT SOAP

does its work. After soaking the thirty minutes or so, rub out lightly on the washboard and the **DIRT WILL ACTUALLY DROP OUT**, then rinse in clear luke-warm water, taking care to get the suds away.

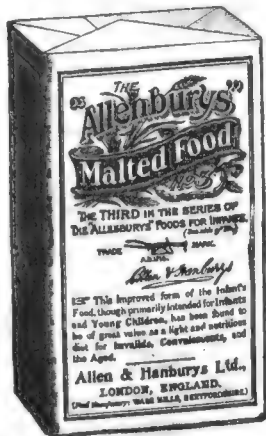


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A SUCCESSION of FOODS which affords **NOURISHMENT** suited to the **CHANGING DIGESTIVE POWERS** from birth upwards.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1

specialy adapted to the first three months of life.

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similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

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hitherto known as "ALLEN & HANBURYS' MALTED FOOD," is adapted to, and has proved all that can be desired for Infants after five or six months of age.

Complete Foods, needing the addition of hot water only.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding free on application.

The Malted Food has also been found of great value to **CONVALESCENTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.**

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Borax Starch Glaze acts equally well in hot or cold water starch. It prevents the iron sticking, and gives linen, lace, and muslin, an enamel-like gloss. After airing, the articles will be found brilliant and stiff, but possessing that flexible stiffness which gentlemen appreciate when putting studs in their linen.

The use of Borax Starch Glaze promotes the whiteness of linen and lace because it removes entirely the risk of all scorching arising from sticking of the iron.

Borax Starch Glaze is sold in small packets to suit every servant, and in boxes suitable for every lady. May be obtained at Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores everywhere. Please Write for our "Borax Household Book."

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., Ladywood, Birmingham.

London House, 129, High Holborn.

Glasgow House, 69, Buchanan Street





THE NEW BADGE

THE new badge which the Queen has been graciously pleased to authorise the Royal Army Medical Corps to assume is at once beautiful and appropriate. The serpent entwined about a staff has been the emblem of the art of healing from a very early period. The symbolism of the serpent has been explained as meaning that sick persons, in order to get well, must make unto themselves a new body, or at any rate get rid of their old skin as a snake casts its slough. But the symbol has also a meaning for the physician, the serpent being supposed to denote attention. In Egypt, where medicine had its origin, the serpent was sacred to Isis, the goddess of fecundity and of Nature generally. As to the staff, it is interpreted as signifying that convalescents need support to prevent relapse.

The crown or wreath of laurel is the accepted symbol of victory and honour, and may therefore be taken as denoting that the physician conquers death and is entitled to honour for his prowess.

Another interpretation is that the laurel has a pharmaceutical significance. The crown in the badge, of course, expresses the fact that the medical staff is now a "Royal Corps."

TWO BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—“Thom’s Official Directory” (Alex. Thom and Co., Dublin), which has now reached its fifty-sixth year of publication, is a bulky volume of nearly two thousand pages, of which all but about six hundred pages are devoted to Ireland and Irish affairs. Statistics relating to population, electorates, finance, house property and other matters occupy a considerable space, and are most valuable. Full lists of public officials in Ireland, a law list and a clergy list, a county and borough directory, and a directory to Dublin City and County, are among the items which go to make the Irish section of this valuable work. In the portion of the book devoted to general affairs it is wonderful how so much information has been crowded into it. Foreign countries and the Colonies are dealt with at some length. — “Whitaker’s Titled Persons” (J. Whitaker and Sons), which was first issued in 1897 as a companion to “Whitaker’s Almanac,” following the tendency of books of this kind to grow in bulk, has increased by twenty-three pages. To the introductory matter have been added an “Historic Peerage,” setting forth the Peerages in chronological order of creation, and giving the King’s reign in which they were conferred, and the Peerage rolls of the three Kingdoms. The preface is dated January 10,

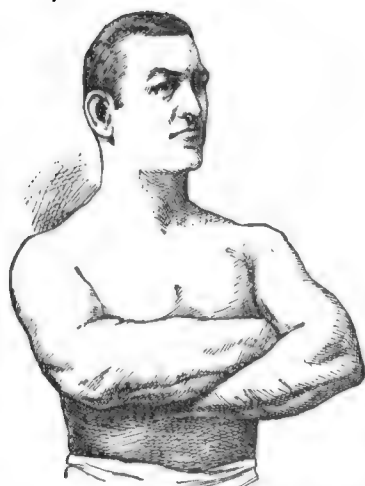
and the book contains the New Year Honours. The Royal Family is dealt with comprehensively, and in a manner that makes reference easy, which is important since the table treats of a vast total of 232 blood relatives of the Queen, besides sixty-three brought in by marriage. The volume stands alone, for we know of no other that gives such a list of all titles, from a Duke to a D.S.O. It has, too, the great merit of being issued at a price within everybody's reach.

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Made in Five Colours to match the Hair.

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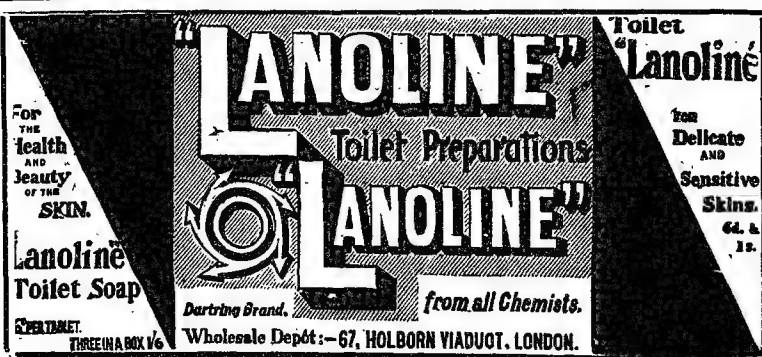
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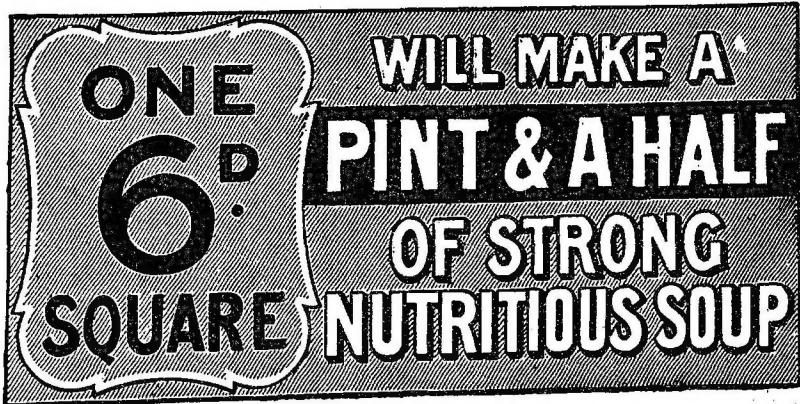
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This poor little babe of
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Was the sickliest child
ever seen,
On her pillow she lay
Till "Frame Food" won
the day,
And she's happier now
than a Queen.



Mrs. MINSHALL, 141, Farrant Avenue, Noel Park, Wood Green, N.,
writes on November 13th, 1898:—

"Sir,—I cannot help being thankful to your Food for restoring my baby to health. She was poorly from birth, and up to three months did not get on at all, and wasted away till she was nothing but a frame of skin and bone—in fact, resembled a monkey more than a child—and had to be laid on a soft pillow. The doctors at Ormond Street Hospital told me she would not live another week; indeed, one could not wish her to live; but a friend gave me some of your Food to try (she was giving it to her own baby), and I did so. From that time I can safely say she gained flesh with such rapidity that it was marvellous. She got so fat and heavy, it was trying to nurse her, and my friends are continually remarking what a marvel she is."

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and other constituents necessary for the full develop-
ment of the bones and muscles of growing CHILDREN,
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It builds up the strength of INVALIDS wasted by disease. To expectant and nursing mothers it is invaluable, as it helps to replace the loss in the maternal system, and adds largely to the value of the milk as a food; and as "FRAME FOOD" DIET is composed of all the constituents forming a perfect food, it should be taken by all who seek to preserve their health.

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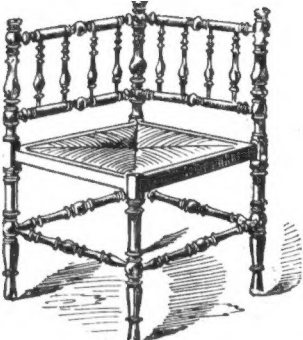
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HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.
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ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE



GILT CORNER CHAIR,
With Coloured Straw Seat, 19s. 6d.

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In the Chancery
Division recently, Mr.
Justice Chitty, on the
THEY
application of Mr.
Lewis Edmunds, Q.C.,
granted a perpetual
ARE
injunction, with costs,
against a West
Kensington Draper for
HINDE'S
passing off imitation
Curles and represent-
ing them as Hinde's.
HINDE'S Ltd., Manufacturers of Brushes and Articles
of the Toilet.



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(Joy's Cigarettes)
Immediately Relieve
ASTHMA, WHEEZING,
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS
Chemists & Stores, box of 35, 2/6, or Post Free
from WILCOX, 83, Mortimer St., London, W.
TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER
Is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all im-
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of Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs,
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Diseases of the Blood and Skin, and Sores
of all kinds its effects are marvellous.
Thousands of Testimonials.
Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. per bottle.

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The **International Health Association**, organised to supply the public with
standard preparations of sterling merit, and whose remarkably successful productions are
esteemed wherever tried, has decided to make an important sacrifice to familiarise the Public
with the best, most scientific, and most agreeable Cures for a

COUGH

namely, the **CLARION COUGH CURE**—delicious in flavour and extraordinary in
efficacy. Any reader of this advertisement who mentions this paper, and who will call at or
send to the New Offices, **110 & 111, STRAND** (near Hotel Cecil), any time during this
winter, will be presented with one 2/9 Bottle for 1/9. In order to ensure that the large number
of Bottles which we are thus offering below cost shall be widely distributed, we shall be
compelled to limit each application to One Bottle only.

NEEDLESSLY

at the old Premises, we beg
to draw attention to the
above New Address, to
which we have removed in
consequence of the demoli-
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Henry VIII., Fleet Street.
Whether for child or adult,
no Cough Cure is more pleas-
ing or effective than the
"CLARION," COUGH
CURE,
in Bottles at 1/1½ and 2/9
(the latter three times the
size of the former).
**I.H.A., 110 & 111,
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makers of the Clarion Pas-
tilles and Royal-Clarion
Voice Pills.



(Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

The International Health
Association boasts among
its patrons:—
**Madame Sarah
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Mr. W. S. Penley
("Charley's Aunt")
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and a host of other dis-
tinguished persons.

"Your Royal-Clarion Voice Pills are marvellous. I take one before
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**Clergymen, Barristers, Orators, Musicians, Teachers, Military
Officers, and Hospital Nurses** know the intrinsic value of the "Clarion" brand
preparations of the International Health Association. Should your Chemist not stock them,
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A Hospital Nurse writes:—"For over five years I had suffered from relaxed and
hospital throat. Am much better after first box. Your Royal-Clarion Voice Pills are truly
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Clarion Cough Cure, in Bottles, 1/1½ and 2/9. **Royal-Clarion Voice Pills**,
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*"During convalescence and to overcome the
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tonic can compare with this wine in efficacy."*

**FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,
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A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free
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**IS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR
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ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR
TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT
Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists. Wholesale
Depot, F. COMAR & SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct,
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Descriptive Pamphlet containing testimonials
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ASTHMA
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gold and silver
medals, and ad-
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BEETHAM'S IMPROVED preparation of "GLYCERINE AND CUCUMBER."

"LAIT" UNEQUALLED for SOFTENING and BEAUTIFYING the SKIN AND COMPLEXION

LARGER BOTTLES; and a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT.
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Printed at 12, Milford Lane, by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER and AUGUSTUS FIDES THOMAS, and Published by them at 190, Strand, in the County of London.—JANUARY 28, 1899.

TIE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 28, 1899

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